

## NEWS OF OUR STATE.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANERS.

**University Regents Talk of Ending the State-Student's Backing Not Always to Be Depended Upon in Tax Sales.**

**Want 1 Per Cent. More.**  
When the State took charge of the university lands the legal rate of interest was 7 per cent, and the State paid so much until this year. Now only 6 per cent, the present legal rate, is paid. It transpires that the board of regents have asked Judge E. F. Graves and Benton Hanchett to commence mandamus proceedings to restore the 7 per cent. rate. It is claimed that the State agreed to pay that amount. Mr. Hanchett has also asked for an opinion on the law removing the college to Detroit.

**Tax Deeds Not Always Safe.**

A State tax deed is not always a safe thing according to Attorney General Maynard. John Trevelyan, of Alger County, purchased from the State certain lands on which the Ontario Charcoal Company had failed to pay the taxes of 1887 and 1888 and commenced action of ejectment, but the Court went against him. Trevelyan then sued the Auditor General to return his money. In accordance with the law of 1893, which says: "If a sale made under this act is set aside by any court the Auditor General shall refund to the purchaser the amount paid at the time of the sale, out of the general fund of the State." Attorney General Maynard deems the intent of the law to be that the sale must be set aside in a case brought solely for that purpose. In Trevelyan's case the judgment does not refer in terms to any particular origin of title. It simply finds the plaintiff not entitled to a right in the lands. No one can tell from the judgment whether either party was on a title and a single judgment in ejectment is not necessarily final for any purpose. The Auditor General cannot refund any money upon the failure of tax titles, except as some statute requires it. Mr. Maynard insists that a judgment in ejectment does not set aside a tax sale. The opinion will control the action of the Auditor General in a number of similar cases.

**Killed by the Preacher's Bicycle.**

The Rev. Mr. Hudson, a prominent Baptist clergyman who for many years held a charge at Hillsdale, accepted a call to the church at Tecumseh a few weeks ago. Thursday night, after the customary service, he started home on his bicycle. At a dark street crossing he collided with Miss Woodard, 50 years old, who was walking home from church unattended. She was picked up unconscious and died. The unfortunate pastor is prostrated with grief.

**Short State Items.**

A man supposed to be D. Atwood, of Palo, was killed by an engine just north of Grand Rapids. He was walking on the track.

Deputy Sheriff Edwin Pettis, of Grand Rapids, has been discharged, because, it is alleged, he deliberately assisted prisoners to escape.

Willie Hunt, a young man of Bancroft, spilled some hydrochloric acid in his eyes, but by prompt aid with ammonia the sight was saved.

The crops in Sanilac County, which in the forepart of the season promised to be total failures, have turned out to be the largest ever harvested.

The United States recruiting station at Grand Rapids, which has been in operation since July 13, succeeded in finding just nineteen competent men.

George Wyckoff, the 10-year-old son and support of his mother, was shot off a hay mow at his home near Jackson, striking a pitchfork handle and fatally injuring him.

The apple crop of Cheboygan County this season, while not large, is of fine quality. The orchards of that section will in a few years be a factor in the supply of Michigan apples.

After twenty-five years of waiting for an opportunity to take a trip to Grass Lake, a resident of Jackson concluded on Thursday that he would have to give it up and called on Buckshot Mosier to ascertain what arrangement he could make with the company regarding a ticket he bought Sept. 5, 1870. Considering the pastboard as a relic Mr. Mosier refunded the 35 cents originally paid for it and it will be framed and hung up in the company's general office.

About thirteen years ago Miss Olive Avery, of Port Huron, dropped a solid ring into the river. The other day the ring was found on the bottom, mixed up with a lot of rubbish, but unharmed.

Cases of attempted imposition upon the St. Clair County poor authorities are of frequent occurrence. Many of the cases are Canadians who move over on this side, live here for a short time, and then, as residents of the county, apply for help. The other day an old man applied for aid, and on investigation it was found that the only time he had ever been a resident of the county was sixty years ago, since which time he has lived in New York State. He was furnished transportation to the East.

Joseph Fuller, charged with the murder of Alexander Kidd, of Blumfield Township, Saginaw County, has been fully acquitted and released from custody. Mrs. Kidd, wife of deceased, told the story of her husband's return from the hay presses and of his telling that some one had hit him with a club and tried to murder him. She did not see the big woman in her husband's head and did not know of its existence until the doctor found it some days after. She said that Kidd had frequently threatened to kill her, but that she let him alone until he got over his angry streak. The Court found the evidence so conflicting the defendant was discharged.

James Jolly, a prominent farmer, near Saginaw, has been missing for several days. He walked out of the house Wednesday night with considerable money on his person, and no one has seen him since.

Adrian's Board of Health has rescinded the order recently issued to compel the canning factory to stop throwing refuse into the river Raisin. About sixty tons of refuse are cast into the river every week. The factories claimed it would entail a loss of hundreds of dollars to them, and rather than submit they would take the matter to the courts, so the board backed down.

## Lumber sales are picking up rapidly at Saginaw.

A teapot on a hot stove exploded and severely burned Mrs. John Walsh, of Port Huron.

The scheme relative to rebuilding Ypsilanti's opera house died young. Nothing will be done this year.

The farm buildings of Nicholas Ohlids near Greenfield, were destroyed by a cyclone. Loss about \$8,000.

Citizens of Marshall rebel against the habit of tolling the church bells and ask that the practice be restricted to ten strokes of the bell.

At Lapeer fire caused \$12,000 damage to business property. G. W. Mahon, dry goods, \$5,000, and John McLennan, \$4,000, were the heaviest losers.

A brakeman named Sax while coupling cars at Holly had his hand caught between the bumpers and so badly crushed that two fingers had to be amputated.

The Cincinnati, Saginaw and Mackinac trains will run into Bay City over the tracks of the new interurban electric line, using its bridge to cross the river.

O. G. Scribner and his son-in-law, Ray Kinney, of Bancroft, got into a fight with an ax and corn cutter as weapons, and Scribner was cut in the neck very seriously.

Two horses, of the value of \$200, belonging to Job M. Sargent, living north of Jackson, were poisoned by some miscreant placing Paris green in the feed boxes. One of the horses died.

Thousands of bushels of apples have been shipped from the new in Van Buren County, and a large part of these are taken to the evaporators, where they are sold for about sixteen cents per hundred pounds.

Pontiac's common council seem to be still warring with the Salvation army, since their latest resolution adopted is one which provides for the arrest of any person or persons who cause the street to be blocked.

All surplus cattle are being bought up and shipped out of Kalamazoo County by the carload. Owing to the scarcity of hay most farmers are selling themselves short, and owing to that fact prices will doubtless rise high in the spring.

At St. Joseph the price of potatoes has dropped to 10 cents a bushel, and buyers are slow to purchase at that. The potato crop is large and if the prices do not go up the ruin of some of the growers, who depend almost entirely on them.

The township board of Harrison has granted a franchise to John P. Hartz, to run an electric road from the foot of the Lakeside boulevard, near Mt. Clemens, to the north Erie line on the lake shore. The corporation represents \$1,000,000.

All packages containing liquor must, according to the new pure food law, be labeled "pure and without drugs or poison." A fine of \$50 or six months in the limit of the new law. The Commissioner Storr's inspectors are busy serving food and drink dealers all over the State with copies of the law. They will ask the co-operation of the larger dealers in enforcing the law.

A young lad named Robert McCarthy and some companions were playing in a Detroit electric light tower, when one of the boys got an ax and began to chop at the side of the elevator. McCarthy was in the elevator, and when it was released it shot to the top, carrying the boy with it. At the top, McCarthy was pitched out and fell to the ground, 125 feet below, killing him instantly.

Robert L. Cory was arrested in Elkhart, Ind., charged with obtaining \$2,500 under false pretenses from eighteen St. Joseph farmers. He was bound over to the Circuit Court in \$1,500 bonds. He claims to be an importer of blooded coach horses and a capitalist of New London, Conn. A telegram from there states that he was convicted of assault and sentenced to life service in 1878, but was pardoned. He sold the horse, which he represented to be imported, and gave the pedigree to eight local farmers for \$2,500. The horse is alleged to be a fraud.

Nearly 100 members of the Stonewall regiment, the Seventeenth Michigan Infantry, attended the sixteenth reunion at Lansing. A feature of the exercises was the presentation to the State of the regiment's old battle flag, which was captured by the enemy at Spottsylvania and returned to the regiment by the secretary of war last winter. The presentation was made by Senator Burrows, who followed the flag, and accepted on behalf of the State by Gov. Rich. The following officers were elected: President, Christian Roth, Jackson; Vice President, Charles Wood, Chelsea; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles D. Cowles, Lansing. The next reunion will be held at Jackson Sept. 17, 1896.

A Wakarusa Township, Kalamazoo County, farmer, lost last night a pair of green getting in the salt which was fed them.

For nearly two weeks high winds were almost constant in Northern Michigan, varying from a heavy wind to a howling gale. Heavy rains and a low temperature prevailed. Corn is thoroughly ripened and the most of it out. It is the best crop of the kind ever raised in that part of the State. Potatoes are about ready to dig and will yield well, while the quality is fine.

Michigan's peppermint crop for this year has been harvested. The United States raises nine-tenths of the world's product and Michigan two-thirds of the American product. The plant in St. Joseph County has been in cultivation since 1842, and Allegan, Kalamazoo, Wayne, Cass, Van Buren, Ottawa, Muskegon, are now raising large quantities. The average in the State is between 132,000 and 150,000, and it is estimated the crop this year will approximate 150,000 pounds of oil. The average price paid has been \$1.60 and \$1.45 a pound. Peppermint is easily cared for. After it is planted all the farmer needs to do is to keep it free of weeds. It is cut like hay and distilled like whiskey. A. M. Todd, of Kalamazoo, has the largest distillery in the country, from which the oil is shipped all over the world.

The State tax apportioned by the auditor general and payable in the several counties in December is the largest ever levied. It amounts to \$9,013,919, and is \$1,924,753 greater than last year's levy.

John W. Root, a vegetable dealer of Bedford, longed to taste the nectar from the lips of his neighbor's wife and did so. It is not related that the wife objected, but the husband did and made a complaint for assault, on which Justice Bidwell, of Battle Creek, fined Root \$11.80. Root told the justice he thought it was pretty steep for one kiss, which was all he got, he said, but he paid the fine.

## CUBA'S CRY IS HEARD

## CITIZENS OF CHICAGO PROTEST AGAINST TYRANNY.

**Causes of the Oppressed People Warmly Championed—Speeches Made and Resolutions Adopted in Keeping with Declaration of Independence.**

**Plans for Self-Government.**

The first protest of free-born Americans against Spanish tyranny in Cuba was heard in Chicago Monday night. It was as fervid, as resolute and as defiant as if it had been voiced by men and women who had suffered personally the wrongs that have kept Cuba in a state of ferment for a century. There was no sign of prearrangement in the speeches. They differed widely as to the proper



MAYOR SWIFT.

course of this government. But whether the speaker dwelt upon the necessity of conforming to international law, as Mr. Bryan did, or whether, like Mr. Hyman and Mr. Mason, he spoke out squarely for Cuban independence, the undertone was the same. The meetings cried for freedom, and the speakers cried for freedom, and the audience cried for freedom. The Central Music Hall meeting was the larger of the two. The other, in the

## A NEW BATTERY OPENS FIRE ON SPANISH OPPRESSORS.



CHICAGO

hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in LaSalle street, was an overflow, but enough people attended to it comfortably fill all the seats. As for the State street meeting, it was one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever seen in this city. In the first place—and that is the most important point—it was American to the core. There were not many Cubans in Chicago. Probably all the exiles of the suffering islands who have found their way to the cigar shops of the town would not fill the parquet circle of Central Music Hall. Most of them were there, leaning forward in their seats to take in every glowing sentence and cheering wildly the red-hot denunciations of their old masters that poured from the stage. Quesada, the secretary of the revolutionary party, was on the floor, and so was Zayas, the propagandist of the cause, who is here trying to secure contributions of arms, ammunition and medicine for the insurgents. The big cheer of the evening went up for an excited Cuban who arose in the gallery while Mr. Hyman was speaking and yelled: "I go over and lick Spain myself alone."

**Chicago's Official Stamp.**

The other big feature of the meeting was that it was presided over by the Mayor of Chicago, and that the City Council gave it official recognition by attending in a body. If this had happened over in Europe it might have been cause for celebration.

What brought to Central Music Hall this tremendous crowd that filled the auditorium from the back of the platform to the eeries of the topmost gallery? In the crowd there were not fifty men who had ever been within gunshot of Havana. There were not twenty to whom it was a dollar's difference whether Cuba bursts her shackles or goes on toiling, footsore under her burdens. There was neither politics nor business in it. Their motive must have been as pure as that which impelled the men who made New England ring against human slavery. It was a great demonstration. From the moment that the gavel of the chairman struck order it was a long roll of applause, shouted applause emphasized with roars that would lend grandeur to the greatest political meeting. It brought Cuba and the trials and struggles of the Cubans 1,000 miles nearer to Chicago. It lent a new meaning to the familiar lines of the declaration of independence which were in the mouth of every speaker. Liberty and patriotism rang with a different sound to the ears that had only heard them from the mouths

## of politicians who sought to use them for stepping stones to office.

Every mention of the cruelty of the Spaniards was greeted with groans, every mention of the Monroe doctrine and the duty of the government to enforce it with the wildest cheers. If the responsibility of admitting Cuba to statehood had lain with the meeting and some one had put the question another star would have been added to the flag. At the mere suggestion of Cuba's possible statehood the meeting went into the wildest applause. To the committee that had in charge the drafting of the resolutions the demands on the behalf of the struggling Cubans had at first seemed too strong, too pronounced; but in the light of the enthusiasm which prevailed when they were read they seemed weak and ineffectual. But they were adopted with a roar. Mayor Swift was chosen chairman of the meeting, and addresses were given by the following gentlemen: Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsakus, Thomas B. Bryan, William J. Hyman, William E. Mason, the Rev. J. H. Barrows, Bishop Fallows, the Rev. Dr. F. S. Henson, John Mayo Palmer and E. B. Sherman.

**NO OPEN SUNDAY AT ATLANTA.****Resolution to That Effect Tabled. It Is Thought Permanently.**

The preachers of Atlanta are still fighting the question of the question of sale of liquor on the grounds. A meeting of the Methodist Ministers' Association was held, and at that meeting the special committee appointed a week ago reported that it had secured legal advice on the question, and that the lawyers were unanimous in their opinion that the right to sell liquor did not belong to the exposition people or to their concessioners legally. A long discussion as to what the ministers should do in view of their report followed. Some of them were in favor of enjoining the exposition directors from allowing liquor to be sold on the grounds, while others favored bringing the matter to the attention of the grand jury. The matter finally took that course. A resolution was adopted thanking the exposition directors for keeping the grounds closed on Sunday and expressing the hope that they will continue to keep them closed.

At the meeting of the board of exposition directors action was taken which apparently kills for all time the project of opening the exposition on Sundays. A resolution providing for the grounds was introduced by Director Cabaniss, but after some lively discussion was tabled.

**Loss of Lives and Much Property by the Recent Lake Storm.**

Reports of damage and loss of life caused by the storm of Saturday and Sunday are coming to hand. The gale seems to have been most destructive on Lake Superior. Only one Chicago fatality reported. Owner Johnson of the schooner John Rader losing his life while trying to secure a tug to rescue his water-logged vessel off Dune Park, Ind.

It is thought eight lives were lost by the foundering of the schooner Elma in Lake Superior. Many other lives may have been sacrificed, but there is still a lack of definite information. The steamer Birkhead left Grand Rapids Saturday with the C. B. Jones and Elma, lumber laden. They were caught in the great gale Saturday night and the Elma broke its tow line and disappeared in the darkness. The Jones broke loose and brought up under Whitefish Point the Birkhead finding shelter back of Grand Island Sunday afternoon. The steamer went out to look for its consorts and at the first of the massive cliffs forming the famous Pictured Rocks found the wreckage of the Elma. The crew of the lost vessel numbered seven, together with a woman and child.

**IN FAVOR OF A WHIPPING POST.****District of Columbia Jury Desires that Offenders Be Flogged.**

The District of Columbia grand jury recommended the adoption of the whipping post in the national capital. It was suggested by the jury that there is now no adequate method in the District of Columbia of punishing persons guilty of petty larceny and wife-beating.

Justice Handley, who has the remarkable recommendation was made, said he believed the whipping post would do much to discourage crime in the district. He said, however, that the courts could not establish a whipping post, reminding the jury that Congress alone had that power, and that, while he would place their recommendation on file, he would suggest that they bring the matter to the attention of Congress.

**Notes of Current Events.**

The personal property of Minnesota is \$30,553,000, as against \$100,726,000 in 1894.

Orlan Apade, 18 years old, living near Akron, Ohio, was killed by the explosion of a gun.

Leading citizens of Minneapolis are to start for Boston to present a silver service to the cruiser Minneapolis.

Sensational stories of a probable uprising at the Rosebud Indian reservation in Nebraska are without foundation.

Two Jim Wardell, a negro, committed suicide at Elkton, Ky., because tobacco worms destroyed his forty-acre crop.

Therese Maschke, aged 12 years, collided with a team while riding a bicycle at Cooperstown, N. Y., and was killed.

C. C. Rhodes killed himself in a fit of despondency at Denver, Col. He made a fortune as a miner and leaves \$50,000.

Samuel York, aged 86, died at Washington, D. C. He was born in Philadelphia and was the senior member of his bar.

The entire family of N. C. Ratte at Akron, Ohio, were poisoned by eating cabbage which had been sprinkled with Paris green.

United States Circuit Judge Gilbert at Portland, Ore., denied the "Overlap" government drafts to the New Forest Indians at Lewiston, Id. The money is part payment of the \$1,500,000 for lands relinquished by the Indians to the government domain.

**Timber Ruined by Cyclone.****Millions of Feet Blown Down by Wind in the Northern District.**

A Marinette, Wis., dispatch says that reports are coming in from the pine districts of terrible results from the late cyclone's sweep through the Michigan districts north, prostrating vast tracts of standing pine to an extent never before experienced in this State. Millions and millions of feet of pine have been blown down, and the result, it is believed, will prove far more serious than that of the terrible forest fires that have raged over the country. Cattle and horses were killed, and men were obliged to flee from their camps at night to escape being killed by falling trees. Every new report shows increased disaster. As this timber has to be cut to preserve it from being killed by worms the log cut of the coming winter will be largely increased.

Bolivia has called its naval commission from Europe.

## HEAVY FROSTS.

**Many Portions of the Country Visited—But Little Damage Done.**

Disasters received by the Associated Press indicate that heavy frosts fell Sunday night throughout the greater portion of the country. Little damage was done. Warsaw, Ill.—The first frost of the season fell, killing all tender vegetation. No damage to corn.

Centerville, Ill.—A light frost, with no damage.

Elkhorn, Wis.—A heavy frost fell. All crops are beyond injury.

Plainfield, Wis.—A very heavy frost fell, killing all garden stuff.

East Tawas, Mich.—A sixteenth inch of ice was formed. A heavy frost fell with great damage to all kinds of vines.

Indianapolis, Ind.—A killing frost fell in many Indiana counties.

Louisville, Ky.—There was a killing frost which did great damage to tobacco and other vegetation in various portions of the State.

Topeka, Kan.—A heavy frost throughout the State. Broom corn seriously damaged.

St. Louis, Mo.—Light frost over the State, with little damage.

Memphis, Tenn.—Frost was found in low-lying localities at various points in West Tennessee, north Mississippi, and Eastern Arkansas. Tender vegetation was killed, but no serious damage was done to the Irish potato crop, and cotton was not injured to any considerable extent on the uplands.

Duncan, Miss.—A heavy frost in that part of the delta which may cut the cotton crop short by causing immature bolls to open.

Orem, Iowa.—The frost the other morning was the heaviest of the season, and all vegetation was badly damaged. Ice formed in all parts of the county.

Altoona, Pa.—The first snowstorm of the season fell, accompanied by a cold wave.

**NINE DIE IN A GALE.****Loss of Lives and Much Property by the Recent Lake Storm.**

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**MILES GETS THE COMMAND.****Formal Order Issued by Secretary Lamont Assigning That Duty.**

Secretary Lamont issued an order Wednesday afternoon detailing General Miles to duty in Washington as general of the army, and General Ruger, now on special duty in Washington, to the command of the department of the East, with headquarters in New York.

Colonel Thomas M. Vincent, who has been Lieutenant General Schofield's chief of staff, has been assigned to duty in the

**EXPOSITION IN FULL BLAST.****Atlanta People Ready to Care for All Who Visit It.**

The Atlanta Exposition is now in full swing, the exhibits are in shape and the city has made arrangements necessary for the comfort of visitors. Reports to the committee on public comfort show that at the hotels rates range from \$1.50 to \$5 a day on the American plan, and from 15 cents to \$5 a day on the European plan. Many private houses, however, are open to the public, and in the best parts of the city there are hundreds of rooms in private houses to be had for 75 cents a day, some of these houses being located on Peach Tree street, the fashionable thoroughfare of Atlanta. Railroad facilities are adequate and special rates are given to the exposition.

**Seeks Death in the Lake.**

J. P. Tillotson, a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, committed suicide Wednesday afternoon by throwing himself into Lake Michigan at the foot of 22d street. Financial losses, the result of an unsuccessful speculation in wheat, are said to be the cause of his self-destruction. Policemen from the Cottage Grove avenue station recovered the body within a short time and tried to restore life, but were unable to do so. Mr. Tillotson was 45 years old and leaves a widow, to whom he was married only six months ago.

**Miss Elizabeth Houston Wickes, a society girl, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Chambers Wickes, and niece of Judge J. L. Wickes, of the Supreme bench of Baltimore city, will make her debut at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, with the Digny Bell Opera Company.**

The marriage of Gen. Justus McKinstrey, aged 84, who with the Iron proved Marshal of St. Louis during the war, and Miss Adelaide J. Dickinson, aged 39, and wealthy, took place at the Church of the Holy Communion in that city.

## PREACHER TO PRISON

## HINSHAW FOUND GUILTY OF MURDERING HIS WIFE.

**Jury Out Only Two Hours When It Brings in a Verdict—Defendant Killed His Wife and Said a Burglar Did It.**

**Sentenced for Life.**

Rev. William E. Hinshaw is guilty of the murder of his wife and will spend the remainder of his life in prison. Such is the verdict of the Danville, Ind., jury after being out two hours and twenty minutes.

Jan. 10 last William E. Hinshaw was found on the road in front of his house in Belleville, Hendricks County, with seven razor cuts on his person and two pistol wounds. He said robbers had entered the house and shot his wife. He had engaged in a deadly encounter with them and they had inflicted the wounds before leaving. He directed those who found him to hunt his wife and she was found unconscious with a bullet in her head. She lived sixteen hours, but never spoke. Hinshaw lay in bed for ten days and was then well. His story was believed at first, then suspicion began to grow that the burglar story was not reasonable. In the snow on the ground his tracks could be seen, but no tracks of a burglar. His conduct was highly and he continued to preach. He was popular with the women and it was common talk he was a very light-hearted widower. The grand jury convened and he was indicted, arrested, and lay in jail since May. His friends gathered around him and visited him constantly in jail.

Sent. 4 his trial commenced. The trial has covered four weeks, one week of which time was lost through the sickness of a juror. The trial has been most bitterly contested, there being expert testimony of the highest order on the point of whether the woman could have walked and talked after receiving the fatal wound in the head. Both sides had expert testimony on this.

The case was argued five days and one-half most exhaustively and the short time the jury was out showed that the jury determined every point as they went along. The verdict meets public approval. When the defendant refused to go on the stand in his own behalf there was nothing more needed to convince most people that he was guilty, although a hanged jury was the most they expected out of the trial. Hinshaw's attorneys will file an application for a new trial, which, if granted, will result in a change of venue.

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## CRAWFORD CO. DIRECTORY.

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff..... Wm. H. Chubb  
Clerk..... William W. Hartwick  
Recorder..... Wm. Woodburn  
Treasurer..... Wm. Woodburn  
Prosecuting Attorney..... O. Palmer  
Judge of Probate..... W. D. Johnson  
U. S. Court..... O. Palmer  
Surveyor..... Wm. H. Chubb

## SUPERVISORS.

George Townsend..... Thos. Wakley  
South Branch..... Hubbard Head  
North Branch..... Washington Stewart  
Maple Fork..... Wm. D. Johnson  
Crawford..... Geo. W. Under  
Gravelly..... J. H. Higgins  
Belleville..... J. J. Niederer  
Center Point..... J. B. Carter

## SOCIETY MEETINGS.

**M. E. CHURCH**—Rev. S. G. Taylor, Pastor. Services at 10:30 o'clock a.m. and 7:30 p.m.



# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

About the only law known to Americans that the courts cannot get away with is lynch law.

The race between corn and coal for the honor of being the cheaper material for fuel is interesting this year.

"They imprison dealers in adulterated milk in New York," says the Boston Globe. Indeed! Not deep enough to drown them, we suppose?

It is said that the Bannock Indians refuse to be photographed. This certainly indicates that they are intelligent and kindly disposed toward all mankind.

The Buffalo Times proudly says: "South Buffalo has a new smell." We don't know what it is, but we are willing to wager that it can be duplicated by the Chicago river.

American politicians could discuss American politics at home, to be sure, but they seem to think it much nicer to go over to Europe and let somebody pay cable bills on their opinions.

The news that Emperor William is sketching a picture is interesting. But there is no guaranty that the picture will be a good one. A man is not an artist simply because he draws well as a three-ring circus.

Japan has asked China to release the prisoners captured during the recent war, and China's characteristic reply is that only two can be found. Japan will hardly be surprised, for the cruelty of cowards is proverbial.

A New York medical expert says that "insanity is simply the result of imagination getting the better of judgment." If that definition is true, the whole world is merely a gigantic insane asylum. Perhaps we have locked up the wrong lunatics.

It is now estimated that it will cost \$115,000,000 to build the Nicaragua canal. That is to say, the expenditure of that amount will take the enterprise to a point where it will not do to give it up, and necessary additional sums will have to be forthcoming.

The report that Russia proposes to act as a mediator between England and France and settle all their disputes by dividing up Turkey between them may be taken as a convincing proof that there is a silly season in politics over there as well as over here.

Ducks' eggs are shipped pretty ripe from Swatow, in China, to Bangkok and Singapore. They are put in shallow baskets in layers two or three deep, wrapped up in soft paper, and the climate is so hot that they are hatched before they reach their destination.

A French physician prescribes rocking chairs for people with weak stomachs. The oscillation, he says, has a good effect on the gastro-intestinal peristalsis—provided, of course, the unfortunate person happens to have Latin of that sort concealed about his person.

According to the latest reports of the new acetone gas, a ton of the raw material makes 11,000 cubic feet at a cost of \$20, and five cubic feet per hour gives as much light as 240 candles. If this estimate is correct it is evident the old-fashioned gas must go to the cook stove, if it does not have to go out altogether.

The carelessness of some mothers in the education of their daughters is shown by the fact that a Chicago woman recently sent her daughter to the Iowa Reform School under the impression that it was a State seminary for girls. The girl has since been "pardoned" and set free, but the ignorance of the mother can hardly be pardoned.

There is a fine sixteenth century ring in that threat of the Kaiser to use the army to suppress the socialists. It is strange that a man of the Kaiser's good sense should take such pains to put himself in the hands of his enemies. Outside of Russia, government on the lines laid down by the Tudors and the early Bourbons has been obsolete for more than a hundred years.

A gentleman from Birmingham tells (in the Atlanta Constitution) of a very effective way in which the anti-bloomer enthusiasts of that city checked and forever killed the growth of the craze in that up-to-date city. So far, it seems, none but young girls have appeared publicly in bloomers, but it became whispered around that some of the young women were having them constructed. Thereupon the anti-bloomerites secured the services of an enormous negro, whom they dressed in a grotesque bloomer costume, consisting of a red waist, blue trousers, with a broad stripe down the sides, and bright yellow hose. The ridiculous figure had been made to parade the streets on a bicycle for several days, perspiring at every pore. She has served, it is said, to forever kill the bloomer craze in the Magic City.

A most interesting suit, in which a discontented husband seeks separation from four wives and a number of children, has been filed in an Oklahoma court. The plaintiff is a Cheyenne Indian whom civilization has brought up from the pig hat, calico shirt stage of darkness into the fullest privileges of aboriginal dignity before the law. Yellow Bonnet is the name of this disaffected son of nature who now finds his tepee too crowded. Under tribal concessions made to him he contracted the marrying habit, and now under the law of the territory he seeks divorce from a job lot of mothers-in-law. Mr. Bonnet has been eating too much government beef. He is feeling his oats. When a follower of the Indian agency commissariat fails to harmonize with the conditions which have so long made that commissariat necessary he needs

dieting. Give him less beef and more of that great social problem of making ends meet. Yellow Bonnet should be suppressed. If he wants justice of the courts by all means let him have it. Arrest him for bigamy on three counts and put him through the divorce mill by way of the unimpaired power of a term in the penitentiary. Imagine a white citizen of the country asking for divorce from four wives at the same time! He'd get two years apiece, anyhow.

The report that some seven Chinese have been executed on account of the Ku Cheng massacre of missionaries may be held to satisfy justice if the seven include the instigator of the massacre and his chief assistants. But the fact that seven are executed for the crime does not necessarily imply in China that the real criminals have suffered. The ingenious orientals have a method of substitution which is convenient for the officials. They snatch up any poor outcast they find without friends and execute him in the place of the rich or influential criminal who can afford to pay for such service. Miserable wretches not infrequently volunteer in consideration of money to be paid to surviving relatives to undergo sentences, and the custom of the country permits the substitution.

It is evident that Lord Dunraven, in claiming to be "a sportsman," is not sustained by his acts. In the last race he crossed the line at the start, as he said, because he was "a sportsman," and that the start of both yachts was necessary to give the Defender a right to the cup as the winner of the race. In the yacht race, as in a horse race, two or more must start in order to make up a case of competition for the purse or prize. Lord Dunraven made the start, sufficiently to fill the technical requirements of the case, and then sailed back into the harbor. This was spurious magnanimity. It was not sportsmanship. It was a fraud of bad temper and John Bull sullenness caused by past defeat and the certainty of future defeat. In fact, Lord Dunraven admitted that it was no use to sail the race, as he had an inferior boat. This fact was made patent by the offers to Dunraven to provide a new cup for another race, to put a purse of from \$2,000 to \$20,000 in money, and the tender of other wagers if he would race his yacht against the Defender, anywhere off the American coast from Sandy Hook to Marblehead. This would give him a stretch of 500 miles of ocean, without interference or the possibility of an adverse "buke," on which his sloop could do its best to out-sail or outmaneuver the consummate product of Yankee naval architecture and seamanship. He refused this offer.

An American named Spaulding, who has been given by the Hawaiian Government a franchise to lay an ocean cable from Honolulu to San Francisco and who has been promised a subsidy of \$40,000 a year, has just visited Washington to notify the authorities that when Congress meets it will be asked to grant a charter to a company of American capitalists and to "grant sufficient assistance" to make it feasible to construct and maintain this submarine cable. The promoter hopes the government will grant a yearly subsidy, which, in connection with that granted by Hawaii, will enable this company of capitalists to raise the money—about four million dollars—which will be needed to lay the cable. This is a proposition Congress should not entertain. It is necessary for the United States to be in telegraphic communication with Hawaii. It would be cheaper to sell 3 percent bonds, raise four million dollars, and lay the cable than to pay this company the subsidy of two or three hundred thousand dollars a year. It is anxious to get. For the interest on the bonds would be only \$120,000 a year. But there is no urgent demand for such a line, commercially or politically. The hundred thousand inhabitants of the islands, mostly natives, Japanese, and Chinese, do not need to be in close telegraphic communication with the rest of the world. The great industry of Hawaii is sugar-raising. The fluctuations in the price of that article are not as great or as frequent as those of stocks in Wall street. The producers can get along very well without a cable, and were an integral part of the United States, one would not be needed imperatively. There is not a hundredth part of enough business to support a cable, with its heavy charges. There would not be enough to support a land line of that distance. There is no reason why the government should come to the assistance of promoting speculators so that they can make money out of a scheme which is commercially unprofitable. There would be some sense in making Hawaii the halfway house of a cable linking our west coast with Japan, China, and Australia. Such a line would do a good deal of business. But to lay one to Hawaii for the accommodation of two thousand Americans and a few thousand Germans, Portuguese, and English, who would make but little use of it, and then make the United States pay for furnishing those facilities, would be a profligate waste of money.

Too Much for Electricians. North Adams, Mass., continues to be puzzled over a queer crankism of electricity in its vicinity. Although when the great four and one-half mile Hoosac tunnel was built no wire, magnetic or otherwise, were encountered, there was general expectation that rich ore pockets would be found; for a yet unexplained reason not an electrician has been discovered who can send a telegraphic message from portal to portal of that tunnel, be such wire run inside of an ocean cable through the huge cavern or out of it. Therefore such messages have to be sent on wires strung on poles over the top of the mountain, fully nine miles, and that is the way lunging and outcoming passenger and freight trains are heralded to the keepers of the two tunnel approaches.

Had All His Family Tattooed. Tattooing, which Lombroso and his school assert is a sure mark of delinquents, is spreading rapidly in London recently. A member of Parliament recently visited a tattooer with his wife and five children and had the whole family marked with their name and address in case of accidents.

## WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

Prevailing Modes Are So Varied There Is No Reason for a Woman's Being Badly Suited—Big Sleeves Have Not Yet Been Retired.

Fashions for Fall.

New York correspondence:—The present styles are so varied and there are so few imperative rules that apply generally that the reason for a woman's being badly suited must lie in her lack of judgment or taste. It is decidedly an advance on the custom of the past to bring it about that any sort of a figure can be suited and almost any taste gratified, and the next logical step will be to widen woman's choice a little further, so that a rule can be enforced that will forbid a woman from wearing anything that is not becoming to her. At present she has her own way in colors. There may be as many in one costume as she likes, only they must blend, "belong together," and the general effect must be one of elegance and harmony. As to materials, the favored choices are smooth cloth, combined with velvet, brocade or satin for dressy occasions; crepon with satin and lace, or all by itself, for house and dress; rough cloth for street and tailormade gowns; silk, satin, brocade, velvet, poplin, etc., for formal use. Dame Fashion at last has become so obliging a lady that one can no longer give directions in a few words, as when it was good and comprehensive advice to suggest silk for best, cloth for the street, and mullin for the party.

Then as to cut. Some folks who think they know the code have been for a long time declaring that big sleeves would soon be no more, but these wisecracks first made such assertions so long ago that they are already discredited, to say nothing of the indications that now go even further toward making them out bad prophets. It is all very well for positive folks to say that big sleeves have "gone out," but to judge by the look of the streets they have gone out to take a walk, because all the girls one will see on the best streets wear big sleeves. Still, and here's further proof of Queen Fashion's benignity, if one wants to go in for small sleeves she has the sanction, and that's something. In these circumstances it is well to be guided by moderation. While the sleeves in this first picture are in no way novel, their size is an entirely safe one, and striking novelty always the portion of daring and well-to-do women, are especially venturesome in the mid-season. In its manner, however, this dress is unusual enough for any taste, for it is found in a fancy suiting that has a green ground plaided with narrow black stripes. Its blouse yoke is of black satin and has a round yoke and a center boxpleat of the plaid. Two tabs of the satin hang from the bodice in front, and draped pieces lined with pale green are seen at the top. The collar is of black satin and the sleeves of the plaid. Six black satin buttons are put upon the front of the skirt, and a row of the same in smaller size shows on the bodice.

Trimming with buttons is again being resorted to, and it will not be pleasant news to many women. A favored way of using them is in connection with the panel effects that are seen on both fancy and tailor dresses. A common trick is to strap over the side pieces of the skirt on to the front piece by tailor finished tabs. A pair of these give all

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the next pictured bodice, because extra galloon spangled with gold is used for trimming. Tobacco-brown cloth is the material, the skirt being furnished with two bands of the galloon and lined with dour silk. The fitted bodice has a wide corselet belt and a deep yoke, the latter in front only, of cream guipure spangled with gold, the corselet being edged at the top and bottom with pale blue and gold brocaded satin ribbon, which is also used for the bows at the waist, sleeves and collar. The back is plain, only the corselet belt showing as in front.

Skirts slashed in fan shape all around, fronts, sides and back, the slashes filled with frills of lace or showing flat panels of color and material contrasting to the rest of the dress, will be worn, and a very good way it will be to give "spring" to the skirt that needs a little. But it is not primarily a device of making over, but, on the contrary, appears on the most elaborate new dresses. One of these is shown in the next picture, a stunning reception dress of ash-gray silk shot with maize. Its wide skirt has cascades of laurel-green velvet, topped with bands of steel and spangle embroidery, placed at regular intervals at the sides and front, and the blouse waist has a fancy yoke, silk in back and front, of spangled guipure, with two velvet cascades at the sides. The cuffs are entirely of spangled lace, bands of the same ornament the puffs, and the belt and collar are of the velvet.

Brilliant blue in combination with rich lace seems to be one of the ideas for reception and "affair" gowns. By the way, the "affair" is a new occasion for a dress, and it means almost anything; that is, the gown must be one that is dressy enough for a dinner, simple enough to be worn as a hostess, and trim enough for the street, while it is warm enough for the carriage. Such an effect is secured by the use of crepon or some smooth cloth, a little brocade or velvet short coat, and by a very elaborate front and waistcoat. The skirt is plain, full and of medium length so as to meet all occasions. Hat, gloves and accessories about the throat give especial character as the occasion may demand. Such a gown serves for almost any occasion. It is all right for the theater, especially as the little coat when open and showing the lovely waistcoat and front is most elaborate. It looks well for the street as its wearer makes her way from a "5 o'clock," because with the coat buttoned over it is quite trim. Being capable of so many uses, it makes a very serviceable combination.

The manner in which a rich effect is obtained by brilliant colors without the use of lace is well shown by the fourth sketch, which presents a reception dress of green cloth combined with bright

ANOTHER COMBINATION OF BRIGHT SHADES.

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operated. Various home-made contrivances for cutting corn have been devised also.

Have but One Breed of Chickens. It is much better for the novice or amateur to keep one good variety of fowls than three or four, for the first year or two at least. It prevents the possibility of their becoming mixed, gives you an opportunity of studying the particular points in breeding, feather, size, etc., and, last, but not least, it does away with the many little details that are bound to be associated with four or five varieties. There is no business, that an amateur can take hold of and make a success unless he begins at the bottom, says the Poultry World, and learns the many little details. The chicken business is no exception. Start with one good variety, study its wants and merits for the first year with care, and then, as you become familiar with the business, add other varieties. It pays to keep three or four of the most popular, and at the same time it is pleasure to see them.

Adjustable Wagon Jack. This wagon jack is made of white oak, the sill (a) 2 by 4 by 18 inches, the post (b) 1 1/2 by 4 by 28 inches. One inch must be cut out of the post (b) half way down for the lever. The iron brace to go through the lever is 1 by 3 by 42 inches. The crescent-shaped and toothed iron (c) passing through the center

of the post connecting with the lever is 1 1/2 by 3/4 and 30 inches long. It is crescent shaped with notches about 1/2 inches apart. The notches rest in a bolt and three holes should be made in the upright (b), thus insuring adjustability to almost any desirable height for oiling ordinary farm vehicles.—Farm and Home.

The Flavor of Butter. The flavor and aroma of butter are caused partly by the direct influence of the feed and partly by ripening of the cream. To some extent, says Horard's Dairymen, flavor may be secured by the feed. It would be difficult to produce fine-flavored butter from the cream of cows fed on straw alone. For fine flavor in butter, clover hay (properly cured), pea meal and cornmeal with bran and a few mangels, would, in my judgment, be best feed, and proper ripening of the cream, together with the exclusion of all bad flavors.

Hogs Need Fresh Water. No animal suffers more from neglect of something to drink than does the hog. The slop and milk which are commonly given to pigs combined in the pen

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## ALL ABOUT THE FARM.

HOW THE CORN CROP IS NOW HARVESTED.

Latest Machinery for Taking Care of America's Greatest Money Crop—Subsoil Attachment for Plows—Adjustable Jack for Farm Wagons.

A Modern Corn Binder.

The great American money crop is Indian corn. It is without much doubt native to the western continent, where its production is practically controlled, as no other country possesses the soil and climate suited to its best development. The fertile land of the central west is its natural home. Here it brings wealth and prosperity. A loss or

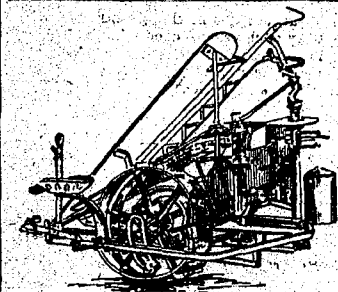


FIG. 1. THE IMPROVED CORN BINDER OF 1905—BEAR VIEW.

partial failure of a single crop amounts to a calamity. Machinery for preparing the ground, planting the seed and cultivating the growing plant has been improved upon from time to time; but the one great drawback is the lack of a practical implement for husking standing corn. This has not yet appeared. However, the same object is being partially accomplished in a somewhat roundabout way by means of the corn binder and the combined husker and fodder shredder. All corn cannot be husked by this plan, as it necessitates cutting, shocking and running the cured fodder through the husker, but improved corn binders have made this practice more common than would have been possible a few years ago. The greater appreciation for corn fodder as feed for all kinds of farm animals, and its wide use, have created a demand for better corn harvesting machinery.

A good idea of the 1905 corn binders can be had by carefully studying the accompanying illustrations. Fig. 1 is a view of the complete machine as seen from the rear. Where the corn is very tall an extra set of packer arms is provided. Fig. 2 shows the front part of the machine tilted forward in order to enable it to pick up lodged or leaning stalks. As soon as they reach the elevator chains and packer, these stalks are easily taken care of. The whole machine is light, simple and easily

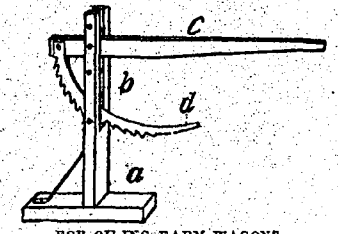


FIG. 2. TILTED FORWARD TO PICK UP LODGED CORN.

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FOR OILING FARM WAGONS.

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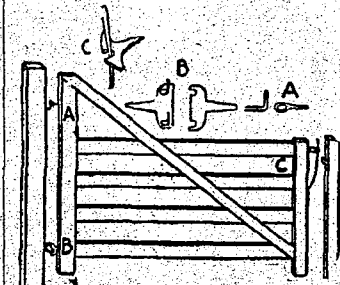
are not good substitutes for water. The slop thrown into the swill barrel from the table has too much salt to make a good drink, and the milk is too solid to be a substitute for water. Try the pigs at least once a day with clear fresh water, and you will be surprised to find how much they will drink of it.

Holding Farm Produce. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman has found one advantage in prompt sales of produce. Every farmer knows, or should know, how much money he should receive for sales each year to meet the ordinary expense. If receipts are cut down by small crops and low prices, he must plan to cut down expenses, or at least not to incur any extra expense. When a big crop is stored, in the expectation of better prices, one naturally figures receipts at the expected price, and if it is not realized, there is disappointment, to say the least.

By converting crops into money as soon as they are ready for market, it seems possible to do a safer business. There is less care and worry. On the other hand, when convinced that any product is selling temporarily at a price far lower than conditions justify, the profit that is obtained by holding goes to the one most deserving it—the producer.

An Automatic Gate. The ideal gate is one that will shut itself and open each way. Such a gate was described in the New England Homestead as follows: A shows the frame for the upper hinge. B shows the lower hinge, which has double pinions, while C shows the catch driven into the post with the spring. To open and shut itself the gate must be hung about 4 inches out of plumb, having the lower hinge (B) project out from the post that much farther than the upper one. It shuts then just like a wagon rolling

down hill. The lower hinge (B) must be 8 inches from slot to slot.



A GATE THAT SHUTS ITSELF.

Picking Apples. Gather when the pips turn to a brownish color, and the fruit parts easily from the twig when turned to one side. As the apples are gathered it should be laid lightly, not dropped, into a basket, and be just as carefully removed from the basket to the storehouse. A blow or knock will cause a bruise, which will be succeeded by rot. Store on straw on a dry floor. A bed of three inches of straw will suffice. Lay the fruit quite singly at first, and add another course when the first sweating is passed; later on the apples may lie three or four thick. When sharp frost threatens, cover up the fruit with straw, bags or something of that kind, to protect it from frost.

A Subsoil Plow Attachment. The accompanying illustration shows an attachment by means of which three subsoil plows may be readily brought into use by the driver whenever needed. Suitable cranks, levers and cross-bars serve to make the triplicate attachment conveniently adjustable, either vertically or laterally.

The whole thing is controlled by a lever fulcrumed on the rear of the plow beam, a thumb latch being provided which engages a rack on one of the handles. Farmers will all appreciate the advantages offered by this new device.

Fertilizing Value of Wood Ashes. Hard-wood ashes from mixed timbers average, when fresh and not exposed to the weather, ten per cent of potash, three per cent of phosphoric acid and thirty per cent of lime, with some magnesia, soda and silica. They are an excellent fertilizer for every crop grower, lacking, of course, the nitrogen needed to make a complete food for plants. Ashes are excellent for grass and clover, all the vegetables grown in gardens, and for corn. They may be applied in any quantity up to forty bushels per acre, and at any time of the year.

Peach Meringue Pie. Peach meringue pie is delicious and is made thus: Line a deep earthen pie plate with a rich pie crust that has been rolled thin. Peel and slice enough peaches to fill the plate very full and sift sugar over them. Crack half a dozen of the peach stones and take out the meat, blanch, chop fine and scatter among the fruit. Bake in a moderate oven. For the meringue use the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread over the peaches and return to the oven and brown lightly.

Potatoes as Stock Feed. The farmer who grows potatoes does not have much time to spare in growing other root crops. But in every large crop of potatoes there will be a considerable portion that is too rough or "too small" to sell, and these can be profitably fed. No kind of roots is economical as the main feed. They are only used in small quantities as an appetizer, and for this purpose the small potatoes unfit for market are as good as roots of any kind.

They Lack Persistence. Many amateur growers plant trees with enthusiasm and then grow discouraged over borers and rabbits; over spraying and pruning; over curculion and knots and lice and mice and grubs. They are growers who will never glut the markets. They are a great help to the nurseries and give the progressive orchardist a chance to sell his superior products.

## EDUCATING FIRE HORSES.

How They Break Them Into the Service Is New York City.

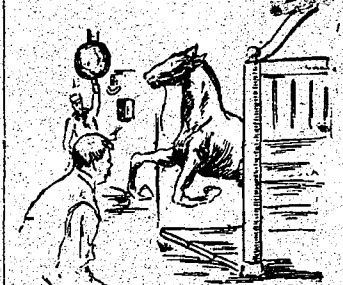
Fire horses have to go to school, like everyone else, before they are fit for business. The city fire department of New York has a regular institution for their purchase, examination, training and placing in active service at No. 133



GIVING A PAW.

West Ninety-ninth street. It is a handsome three-story brick building, looking in a general way not unlike the average fire houses, with a fire engine, used only for practice, and two wide doors. Fire Chief Joseph Shea has his office there. He is a horse expert. A good fire horse must possess many desirable qualities, such as speed, strength, alertness, promptness and intelligence. It must weigh between 1,200 and 1,400 pounds, measure about 16 hands, and be about five years old. When such a horse has been found, it is taken to the training school, where it is examined by a veterinary surgeon. If found to be without physical blemish it is admitted as a candidate for the fire service. Before passing its examination, however, it is put under the care of John Levin, the trainer of the department, whose first duty consists in accustoming the animal to the sound of the goos, which often frightens a green horse and, afterward to the strange harness worn by the fire horses.

The training school building, besides being used as a school, has one door de-



AN ALARM.

voted to the care of the injured or sick horses of the entire fire department. They are treated with almost as much skill and kindness as human beings in hospitals. Horses, like men, though thoroughly examined at the time of entering the service, frequently develop heart disease. It comes from the exciting duty they are called upon to perform, and sudden deaths often occur. As a rule, a horse is not kept more than six years in the service. This, however, does not imply that a horse having served that length of time in the fire department has become useless for other purposes.

## A BOTTLE CANNON.

How to Make and Discharge This Harmless Piece of Artillery.

Take a thick empty bottle, a champagne quart bottle will do, and pour water into it until it is one-third full. In the water dissolve one of the powders—bicarbonate of soda—that druggists sell to make seltzer water. Put the contents of the other package, tartaric acid, in a playing-card rolled into a tube and tied around with a thread, one end of the tube being sealed, or plugged, with two pellets of blotting-paper. Suspend the miniature cartridge from the cork by means of a piece of thread attached by a thin tack. The open end of the cartridge must be upmost, and when all is ready you cork the bottle tightly, having allowed enough thread to swing the cartridge clear of the water.

To explode the cartridge and discharge your novel cannon, you lay the bottle horizontally upon two pencils on the table; they will act as your gun carriage. Pretty soon the water will penetrate the blotting-paper plugs and reach the tartaric acid. Effervescence will at once take place, and the carbonic acid gas thus generated will throw the cork from the bottle with a loud report, the cartridge trailing after it like a



A QUEER CANNON.

rocket. And you will have still further imitation of field artillery in the recoil of the bottle, which will roll back several inches.

Fires from Steam Pipes. It is found that charred coal, when the heat is removed from it, being nearly pure carbon, will absorb oxygen from the air under favorable conditions so rapidly as to produce active combustion—that is, glow or flame. Now, the process of the origin of fire from a steam pipe has been thus explained, viz., the heat from a steam pipe will, in the course of time, char or carbonize the wood in contact with or close to it, and when this charring process extends to any depth in the wood it presents a surface full of fissures and cracks, thus exposing a large section to the air, this charring driving the oxygen out of the charred portion and keeping it out while the heat is kept up. When, therefore, the heat is removed, the charcoal reabsorbs oxygen from the air, and if the action is rapid enough in a dry atmosphere combustion follows.

What makes you look so worn and weary. As if you were quite tired of life? "Alas!" he sighed, in accents dreary, "I've just been shopping with my wife."

—New York Journal.

A man with a future isn't as interesting to people as a woman with a past.

# The Avalanche.

C. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1895.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

## POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The treasury officials have juggled out a surplus of \$3,175,040 for September by withholding payments due largely exceeding that amount. That kind of bookkeeping would not be tolerated by any business concern entitled to confidence and credit.—Det. Journal.

The Attorney General has decided that the 30-cent fee for residents, and \$25 fee for non-residents, provided by the new deer law is to be divided, one half to the county treasurer, and the other half to the state treasurer, to help defray the expense of the game warden system.

No president ever got more spoils out of the spoils doctrine than President Cleveland is getting out of his peculiar brand of civil service reform. Indeed, he is not only giving his party all the spoils while it is in power but is trying to fix it so that his party will retain the spoils after it goes out of power. This beats the old professional spoilsman out of sight.—Det. Journal.

Ask some men for an advertisement or a few locals and they will say they don't believe in advertising, a paper is never read. Let one of them be caught kissing his neighbor's wife, or struggling along with a jag, and if the printing office is in the garret of a seven-story building he will climb to the top and beg the editor, to keep quiet—not to publish it in the paper.—Crockett Times.

**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder**  
World's Fair Highest Award.

The famous Government bond syndicate has been dissolved and its large profits divided. The inside history of its operations is yet to be written, and when it is a unique and important chapter will be added to the financial history of the country. Later developments have robbed the syndicate of much of its early brilliancy and showed that its success consisted largely in postponing for two or three months the effects of natural law in international exchange rather than in overcoming any of the operations of such law. But that gave to the country a breathing spell which was sorely needed, and saved the treasury reserve, for the first time being at least, from depletion.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## The State Tax Increase.

The increase in the state tax this year, some of the opposition papers are trying to make out to be due to Republican extravagance. They are not fair enough to tell the plain truth about it, and say that the great bulk of this increase is due to the failure of previous legislatures to pass appropriations sufficient to meet current expenses and obligations. This is the fact, however, and because of it the last legislature was compelled to provide for past deficiencies to the amount of \$760,509.39.

In addition to this, extra large appropriations had to be voted by the last legislature for the care of the insane, and for the new institutions needed by the state. The demands upon the state for the support of its unfortunates are increasing because the unfortunates are constantly increasing in numbers. We must take care of them, and must expect as the state's population increases that the demand will increase accordingly.

It is fortunate that the state is able to maintain properly all its institutions, and most creditable that it does so. It is unfortunate that now and then a state legislature fails to make appropriations adequate to meet the absolute necessities for the two years which it is its duty to provide for, thus throwing upon a succeeding legislature a large deficiency to provide for, in addition to its own regular appropriations.

There are always more or less people who do not understand the situation, even after it has been duly explained by the press, for some people don't read the papers very carefully, but when a paper deliberately suppresses the truth about it, and tries to throw the whole burden of the responsibility upon the legislature that provides for the deficiencies of a preceding legislature, the aim is to deceive and mislead those who do read the papers. It is a poor way for an opposition organ to attempt to make political capital, for both its motives and its false statements are sure to be uncovered.

A deficiency is a debt, and must be paid the same as any other debt. Even the administration at Washington has been brought around to a full realization of this incontestable fact.—Detroit Journal.

## Additional Locals.

Levi Clement and a party were out hunting the first of the week, and had the fortune to run onto several bears. Clement was the fortunate one to get in range and proved his efficiency with a rifle, by killing three of the brutes. An old one and two cubs, more than half grown.

David Ward, of Detroit, and his son Henry, of Pontiac, were transacting business in town Monday and Tuesday. For some time cataracts have been forming on uncle David's eyes and gradually dimming his sight until he deems it necessary that an operation be performed, in the hope that his vision may be restored, and to that end expects to go to New York, next week, and place himself in the hands of an eminent oculist. The treatment he is to undergo will occupy about two months of time.—Osego Co. Herald.

## Circuit Court.

The October term of the Circuit Court convened Tuesday morning. Judge Sharpe presiding.

The case of The People vs. Pomminville for threatening communication, was dismissed on the ground that the threat, being verbal, did not constitute a crime under our statute.

The People vs. Cushman was nolle prosequi, the people being unable to find the complaining witness.

The People vs. Christ Hanson, violation of the liquor law. A plea of guilty was entered, and the defendant paid a fine of thirty-five dollars.

The People vs. John Tallman, violation of the liquor law. Defendant pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of seventy dollars, or to be confined in the county jail for ninety days.

The People vs. Alice Beruble. The defendant did not appear, and his bail was declared forfeit.

The People vs. George Mott. Plea of not guilty withdrawn, and a plea of guilty of assault and battery. Awaiting sentence.

George Somers vs. Hubbard Head. Judgment in favor of the plaintiff for detention of horses \$37.50, and judgment in favor of defendant, for the care of cattle, \$25.65, without costs to either party.

The Congdon & Aylsworth Co. vs. John Goudrow is in the hands of the jury, as we go to press.

The case of Henry E. Moon vs. the M. C. R. R. Co., remains for trial.

Katie Schulz vs. Geo. Schulz, decree for divorce granted.

The great trouble about the democratic bond sales is that they have not been large enough to protect the treasury until the restoration of the republican party to power.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## Three Hundred Per Cent.

And it is not so well with our woolen factories as free wool and reduced duties on foreign woolen goods were going to make it.

A writer in the New York Sun calls attention to the last report of the English board of trade, which he calls "disimally interesting reading" to Americans. That report shows that in August, this year, the export of woolen and worsted goods from England to the United States amounted in value to \$418,834, an increase of more than 300 per cent over the corresponding month of last year! The report further shows that: "For the eight months of the present year ending with August 31st the English exports of woolen and worsted goods to the United States were \$3,425,100 yards, compared with 9,475,500 for the first eight months of 1894; and the value of the worsteds exported from England to this country during these same eight months was \$3,234,000, compared with only \$704,498 for the same eight months in the previous year."

It is also shown that our exports to England have been surprisingly small in comparison with our imports. The plain fact is we are robbing American labor to pay foreign labor on a scale vastly more extensive than ever before.

This enormous increase in the importation of woolens and worsteds means the displacement in our own markets of many millions of dollars worth of the products of home labor which, with proper protection, would find a ready demand.

And yet the people who buy and wear woolens and worsteds are not getting them so much cheaper to day than they did two or three years ago. The difference, if any, is so small that they do not realize it. But the American manufacturers and their thousands of employees begin to realize what these vast increases in importations mean to them. They are finding, to their sorrow, that the promises of "tariff reform" are not only empty, but villainously false.

And the whole country sees in the tremendous balance of trade against us the necessity of another change in parties and party politics.—Detroit Journal.

## Home Correspondence.

CENTER PLAINS, Oct. 5, 1895.

Editor "Avalanche!"—As the Roscommon and Crawford County Fair is over, I thought I would write you, and let some of the readers of your valuable paper know that Crawford county takes the lead in every thing. Center Plains township made the most entries of any township, and done nicely.

Geo. E. Metcalfe's prize pumpkins and squashes, and corn, both sweet and field, showed that George has been up and stirring, this summer.

Then as we look around, there comes L. M. Silsby's farm produce, which took a good number of first premiums. In the horse-line L. M.'s two-year-old, caused lots of comments; He is as fine a colt as any one wishes to look at.

Then next comes the farm truck and grain of John Love, who made the largest number of entries of any one, and carried away over twenty of the prizes, mostly number one.

The rest of the entries from this township, made by other parties, were hard to beat in the state. Quite a lot of the pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, mangels, bagas, turnips and corn was gathered together for to be shipped to parties outside, to show them "that we could stay awhile longer."

From South Branch there were only a few entries. Henry Funkh had some fruit—apples and grapes—that were nice.

H. Head showed some fine pumpkins and squashes that took first premium, and the water melons were splendid, for he passed them around. His musk melons looked nice. He also took first premium on the heaviest squash, which weighed 120 pounds.

The Roscommon people looked down, when they saw old Crawford county bring in her stuff, and well they should, for they had lots of farm produce, but did not bring it, for fear they would be beat.

But grit is the stuff, and old Crawford county has got some farmers, that have got lots of it. And here is a word for Center Plains township. She can down any township north of Saginaw county for farm produce, in quality. We are not ashamed of our truck. We come out and defy any township to compete with us. We will show more every year, and have for the last five years. We are awake. Come and see us.

A FARMER.

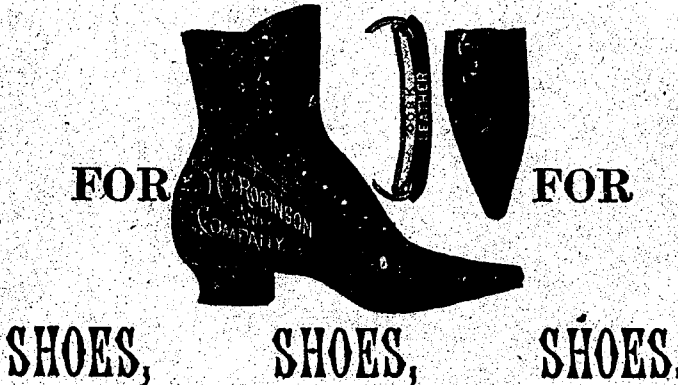
The ART AMATEUR is offering three months free to all persons sending in their subscription before January 1st. And looking at the October issue, now before us, we should certainly say that it is an offer well worth accepting. A better or more instructive number than this for the art student or art lover one could scarcely imagine. It fairly teems with practical information. Beginning with the color-plates we find an exquisite panel of American Beauty Roses, which is accompanied by an other plate showing the progressive stages of painting it. This is an unique feature of The Art Amateur, and showing, as it does, "how a real artist paints a picture," it is simply invaluable to those learning to paint without a teacher. The third color plate is "Sunset in the Inlet," a delightful painting by Carl Weber. There are the usual eight pages of Working Designs for China Painting, Wood-Carving and Embroidery, etc. All this is merely supplementary to the magazine proper. In it we find the first of a series of articles on "Elementary Drawing for Beginners," which we commend to all teachers in the schools; on "Drawing for advanced students;" on the various methods of reproducing drawings for illustration in newspapers and magazines; "Hints to young Sculptors;" Marine Painting, Flower Painting, China Painting, Wood Carving, Bent Iron Work, Church Embroidery, The framing of Water-Colors, etc. For "The House" we find a view and description of a charming though inexpensive Dining-Room, which is to be followed by a drawing Room, Library, and Bedroom, for it is an apartment in an ordinary "flat" that is described. In "My Note-Book," the editor, as usual, gives hints and notes which no one who buys paintings or art objects generally can afford to miss. Price, 35 cents. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square New York.

The syndicate to which Grover entrusted the credit of the government has divided its profits and gone out of business, with the gold reserve some \$5,000,000 below par. The syndicate has also failed to carry out its part of the contract to turn \$32,000,000 of foreign gold into the treasury, but it actually turned over to the government but about half of that amount. Who modified the contract? Let the next Congress find out.—Worcester Telegram.

Open saloons and free whisky on Sunday is the Democrat demand in New York, and if the party doesn't unite on that issue it is hopelessly riven.—Det. Journal.



## HEADQUARTERS



THE FINEST LINE OF  
Ladies' Cork Sole, Mens' Water Proof,  
Ladies' Glove Grain,  
Misses' Cordovan, and Fat Baby Shoes  
EVER SHOWN IN  
NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

AT THE STORE OF  
S. S. CLAGGETT, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

President Cleveland's administration evidently is running the country on the theory that whatever mistakes it makes will be rectified by the succeeding republican administration.—N. Y. Press.

Tariff Facts for speakers and students, or Defender Document No. 9 (160 pages) has just been issued by The American Protective Tariff League. This is perhaps the most valuable document ever published by this organization, and includes full information as to the effect of threatened Free Trade and the present low tariff law. Order by number only. Sent to any address for ten cents. Address Wilbur F. Wakeman, Gen. Sec., 135 West 23d street, New York.

## The Flag Law.

An Act to provide for the purchase and display of United States flags in connection with the public school buildings in this state.

Section 1. The people of the state of Michigan enact, that the board of education, or the board of school trustees, in the several cities, towns, villages and school districts of this state shall purchase a flag of not less than four feet two inches by 8 feet, and made of good flag bunting "A," flag staff and the necessary appliances therefore, and shall display said flag upon or near the public school building during school hours and at such other times as the said board may deem proper; and that the necessary funds to defray the expenses to be incurred herein shall be assessed and collected in the same manner as moneys for public school purposes are assessed and collected by law.

Approved April 4th 1895.

**Bucklin's Arnica Salve.**  
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Fournier, druggist.

**Cure for Headache.**  
As a remedy for all forms of Headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure, and the most dreadful habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation, Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tonic to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

**Discovery Saved His Life.**  
Mr. G. Gallonette, druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicans for miles about, but of no avail, and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial bottle at L. Fournier's Drug Store. 2

TAKE THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS GASOLINE. GOES IN ANY STOVE. NO SMOKE, DIRT OR ODOR. 1/2 CHEAPER THAN WOOD OR COAL.

WANT AGENTS on salary or commission. Send for Catalogue of Prices and Terms. NATIONAL OIL BURNER CO. 292 CEDAR AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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SEWING MACHINE  
ON PAID

THE HIGHEST PRIZE  
—GIVEN BY THE—  
World's Columbian  
Exposition  
HAS BEEN AWARDED TO THE  
Davis Sewing Machine Co.  
For its High Grade Family Sewing Machine.  
3000 RIVER ST. CHICAGO, ILL.  
DAYTON, OHIO.

**GOOD ADVICE.**  
Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of, why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective Tariff League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States."

Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address Wilbur F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

**ADVERTISERS**  
on others who wish to advertise on advertising space when in Chicago, with Lord & Thomas, 45 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency.

# The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR.  
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1895.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Pure Lard at Claggett's.

Mrs. H. Schreiber and Miss Pauline were in town, Saturday.

Nice sweet Honey at Claggett's.

F. Hoessl and J. J. Niederer were among our Saturday callers.

Shoes for everybody at Claggett's.

A second crop of raspberries is maturing in W. F. Brink's garden.

Choice Dairy Butter and Fresh Eggs at Bates, Marsh & Co's.

Mr. L. Bradley and family have returned from Ann Arbor.

BORN—Sunday, Oct. 6 to Mr. and Mrs. Graham, of Frederic, a daughter.

Fourier serves delicious Ice cream Soda.

Miss Maude Staley was visiting with friends in Lewiston, last week.

Claggett's 35 cts. Tea can't be beat. Three pounds for \$1.00. Try it.

D. Trotter went to Gaylord, on Monday, returning next day.

The best Patent Flour in town, at Bates, Marsh & Co's.

The Supervisors meet next Monday. Look out for fun!

For Harness or quick repairs, go to M. F. Merrill's Harness shop.

Archie Howse, of Maple Forest, was in town Monday.

For California fruit, of all kinds, go to C. Wight's restaurant.

F. F. Hoessl, of Blaine, was in town on Monday.

Potatoes sold for 10 cents a bushel in St. Joseph, last week, and for 20 cents at Oscoda.

Best line of corsets in the city at Claggett's.

Look at S. H. & Co's Advertisement in this paper.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Phalen, of Lewiston, were visiting friends in Grayling last week.

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges, go to C. Wight's restaurant.

DIED—Wednesday morning, October 9th, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James Proctor.

Go to Claggett's for Dry Goods. New goods and low prices.

J. J. Niederer and Frank Walker, of Blaine, returned from Lansing, on Tuesday.

Brick! Brick! Brick! Cheese!!! at Salling, Hanson & Co's store. Carl Mickelson has taken his old place in the office while Marius and Frank are West.

Claggett sells a good Tea for 25cts. Five pounds for \$1.

The big mill started up Monday, for double work. R. D. Conline will have charge of the night crew.

Go to Fournier's Drug Store for School Books.

L. W. Ostrander, of Atlanta, arrived in town Monday, to be in attendance at the opening of Court.

Go to Fournier's for Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, etc.

BORN—On the 2d inst., to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lewis, a son, weight fourteen pounds.

Something new: Cork sole shoes for ladies at Claggett's. Call and see them.

Miss Winnie Butters, sister of Mrs. Kneeland, was visiting friends in Grayling, last week.

Beyond all doubt, Bates, Marsh & Co. have the best line of Teas and Coffee's to be had in Grayling.

Editor Pinkerton, of the Lewiston JOURNAL, was in town Monday, and made us a pleasant call.

Salling, Hanson & Co's White Rose Flour is the best. You should try it.

Dr. and Mrs. Wolfe returned from their visit at Metamora, Tuesday morning.

Don't wear an old Hat when you can buy a new one for 50 cents at Claggett's.

J. Patterson, and Col. Worden were among the visitors at the Roscommon Fair, last week.

Our line of Flour, Feed, Grain and Hay, is complete. Prices guaranteed. Bates, Marsh & Co.

H. E. Moon and Fred Schultz, of Center Plains, were among our callers last Saturday.

A "Garland" is just what you want in cold weather. They are sold by S. H. & Co.

G. L. Alexander and J. K. Wright were in Lewiston, a few days since, on legal business.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, bread and Confectionery, go to C. Wight's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

The walks and roofs were white with snow, Tuesday morning.

The latest styles in Men's Hats, at 50 cents and upwards, at Claggett's.

Eat chicken at the Presbyterian church, to night.

For Rent—The Photograph Gallery formerly occupied by Geo. Bonnell. Address Andrew Marsh, Grayling.

Peter Buck has bought lot 1, of block 20, of J. K. Bates, and is building a substantial residence thereon.

Creamery Butter always on hand, at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

BORN—Sunday, Oct. 6 to Mr. and Mrs. Leon J. Stephan, of Grove, a daughter.

The pie social, given by the ladies of the M. E. church, last week, added about \$17.00 to their treasury.

Try Claggett's New Moon natural leaf Tea. The best 50 cent tea in the city.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richardson, of South Branch, Monday, Sep. 30th, a daughter.

Mrs. D. Trotter returned from her visit to Canada, last Friday, and David is happy.

New Brick Cheese, just received, at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

Miss Cassie Bates was down from her school, to stay over Sunday. She reports a pleasant term thus far.

Joseph Pym and J. M. Francis, of Grove were in town, Saturday, and called on the AVANTAGE.

John Beatty and Charles Smith, of Beaver Creek, were among our callers, last Monday.

For thirty days Claggett will sell nine bars laundry soap for twenty five cents. Get your supply for winter.

The ladies aid society of the Presbyterian church will give a chicken pie social at the church parlors, this evening. Served from 5 to 8.

The Press, of Oscoda, states that the express messenger has been taken off the night train on the Michigan Central north of Bay City.

The Lewiston ball club won its fifth victory from the Grayling club, at Lewiston, last Friday week. The score was 19 to 6.

Go to the restaurant of C. Wight where you will find a nice selection of Fresh Candies, Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Bulk Oysters, etc.

The Ladies Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, will meet in the church parlors, to-morrow afternoon, at 2:30.

Mrs. D. M. Kneeland, of Lewiston, gave Miss Frances a party, last week, which was attended by many of her little friends.

The best place in town to buy Underwear is at the store of S. H. & Co. They show the best line at lowest prices.

An even dozen of our citizens attended the Masonic School of Instruction at Roscommon, Tuesday evening, and report kind fraternal greetings.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Most Perfect Made.

J. A. Ellis, dentist, late of Central Lake, will be here the last of this month, to locate permanently. Save your work and patronize home industry.

FOR SALE—A fine Haines Brothers Piano, new and perfect in tone and finish. Burd Walnut case. For price call or address, T. Cox.

Miss Bessie Meeler, Arthur Cady, and Will Woodfield attended the Y. P. S. C. E. convention, at West Branch, last Sunday.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church will give a chicken pie social at the church parlors, Oct. 10th. Supper from five to eight.

Buy your Underwear of Salling, Hanson & Co, they have the best in the market, at the least money.

The hours of evening service at the Presbyterian church, next Sunday evening, will be at six for the Endeavor meeting, and at seven for regular church service.

FOR SALE—Improved Excelsior Incubator, 300 egg size, good as new, for \$18. Ten dollars cash, balance in trade. P. O. box 198, Grayling.

John London was in from camp, Monday. He has his winter roads nearly completed and the railroad bed ready for the iron.

Salling, Hanson & Co. are making extensive improvements about the mill yard, to facilitate their winters work.

A rifle of excitement was caused by the burning out of the chimney on H. C. Holbrook's house, Tuesday. No damage resulted.

Does your house need painting? If so, use Boydell Bros' prepared paints. They are the best and cheapest paints in the market. Every gallon guaranteed. For Sale at Fournier's Drugstore.

Regular meeting of Marvin Relief Corps, Saturday afternoon, the 12th, at the usual hour.

Judge Johnson, of Grove, was one of the officers at the Roscommon fair.

Regular encampment of Marvin Post, No. 240, Grand Army of the Republic, Saturday evening the 12th, at the usual hour.

Say Pat, where did ye get so much Soap? Down at Claggett's. He gave me fifteen bars for a quarter, and I took it.

Grand Lecturer Clark held a Masonic school of instruction, at Roscommon, Tuesday night, which was attended by a goodly number of Graylingites.

Geo. H. Robinson, a member of the G. A. R. at Gaylord, died in Texas, week before last. His remains were brought to Gaylord, for burial.

Services at the M. E. church, next Sunday, both morning and evening. Evening service will commence at 7 o'clock. League meeting at 6.

John Cameron, who moved from Frederic to Osceola county, has returned to that village. Crawford county is good enough for him.

D. S. Waldron has been building a large corn crib for his brother in South Branch, which is a sign of prosperity.

Elmer Fauble, of Bear Lake, formerly of Blaine township, accompanied by his uncle, was in town, Tuesday.

For Sale—A good portable saw mill and engine and boiler. Capacity 10—12 M per day of hardwood. Will sell cheap. Address E. A. Stimson, St. Charles, Mich. Sept-19-45.

The ladies of the M. E. Church, of West Branch, will hold a "Deceitful School," and an Evangelist from Chicago, is trying to benefit the people with exhortations.

Deer and bear are abundant in Cheboygan county and are so tame that they roam over the corn and potato patches, but the farmers live on salt meat as they fear the game wardens.

Mr. Joseph Pym, of Grove, has the pleasure of entertaining a nephew and his wife, who will remain through the winter, and may locate permanently in this section.

If reports are true, there is a certain Justice of the Peace in this county, who assumes more authority than is possessed by the Supreme Court. He poses as court officer and counsel in the same case.

Arthur Brink thinks the comforters of Job, as described in history were as nothing, compared with his experience for the past six weeks. But he says, he is no pig, and will be satisfied without any more.

Messrs H. H. Woodruff, of Roscommon, F. O. Gaffney, of Lake City, W. Burritt, of Saginaw, and L. W. Ostrander, of Atlanta, were the only outside attorneys present at this term of court.

Mrs. A. Grouseff, and Mrs. R. P. Forbes, went to Saginaw, Tuesday, as representatives of the Eastern Star lodge of this place. R. P. will join his wife there to night, and they will make a pilgrimage to Holly and vicinity, to visit old friends.

A competent blacksmith and wood worker is in want of a job for the winter. Is not afraid of work, and well acquainted with what is required in camp. Enquire at the AVANTAGE office. sep26tf

One of the pleasant events of the year was the gathering of the friends of Miss Maggie Hanson, last Thursday evening, to celebrate "The Wanderer's Return." The spacious parlors were well filled, and mirth and music filled the time till the small hours.

John Malco, of Maple Forest, is somewhat in the squish line. He sold four to London's camp which, laid in a line, measured 15 feet and 10 inches, and one of them weighed 64 pounds. It was two feet and 10 inches in length.

A case of domestic infidelity and the separation of a family occurred here last week, with the usual amount of scandal and foolish rumor, the most of which is probably without foundation in fact, and which only aggravates the contention without doing good. It is hoped that better judgment will prevail, and the breach be healed.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

**DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**  
MOST PERFECT MADE.  
Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

W. B. FLYNN, Dentist, WEST BRANCH, MICH.

WILL make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Teeter.

Notices. Whereas my wife, May Lightner, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, this is to notify all persons not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date. oct3-26 JACOB LIGHTNER.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Teacher's Examination. NOTICE is hereby given that a regular public examination for Teachers desiring 2d and 3d grade certificates, will be held at the Town Hall, in Grayling, Oct. 17th and 18th. PRORA M. MARVIN, School Commissioner.

Big Excitement in Town. Over the remarkable cures by the grandest specific of the age. Bacon's Celery King, which acts as a natural laxative, stimulates the digestive organs, regulates the liver and kidneys and is nature's great healer and health renewer. If you have kidney, liver and blood disorder do not delay, but call at L. Fournier's drug store for a free trial package. Large sizes 50c and 25c. 3.

Alfred L. DeWale, who recently completed a course in book-keeping at Devlin's College, Bay City, has accepted a position with Von Herman & Co., of that City.—Ros. News.

Last Friday was the 83d birthday of Nelson Hartwick, which was pleasantly remembered by the family and many friends. Though he has been an invalid for nearly two years, he is very comfortable, and always glad to have his old friends and neighbors call for a friendly visit.

Last Tuesday, Marius Hanson and Frank Mickelson took the noon train for a trip to the state of Washington and other western states. They will be gone 'till Christmas, and we predict if there is any fun on the route that escapes them, it will have to be lively.

House for Sale. For sale a good 5 room house with woodshed, barn, grainery and well. All in good repair. Owner will sell very cheap for cash. Good reasons for selling. A bargain to right party. Call on or address E. VAN DYKE, Grayling, Mich.

List of Letters Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending Oct. 5, '95. Bavlén, Chas. Cole, Miss, Roseboom, Frank.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "Advertised."

W. O. BRADEN, P. M.

Wanted. Ladies and Gentlemen suffering with throat and lung difficulties to call at our drug store for a bottle of Otto's Cure, which we are distributing free of charge, and we can confidently recommend it as a superior remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. It will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. We will guarantee it to cure you. If your children have croup or whooping cough it is sure to give instant relief. Don't delay but get a trial bottle free. Large sizes 50c and 25c. Sold by L. Fournier. 3

At a business meeting of the Epworth League, Monday evening, October 7th, the following officers were elected:

President, S. S. Claggett  
1st Vice Pres., Lizzie Bradshaw  
2d do Miss Starr  
3d do Elizabeth Jackson  
4th do Frances Staley  
Secretary, Rosa Benson  
Treasurer, Fred Slight

Property for Sale.

The following described property, in the village of Grayling, is offered for sale for less than value: A lot 30 x 80 feet in the central part of lots 11 and 12, block 15, original plat, covered by the fine store building occupied by S. S. Claggett. The dwelling house and lot 4, block 15; also the dwelling and lot 10, block 15, all of the original plat of the village of Grayling. This property is all in first class condition, very desirable, and title perfect. Liberal terms will be made to purchasers. Inquire of Sept 5 S. HEMPSTEAD.

Uncle John Crandall, of Grayling Township, who has been unable to look after the interests of the farm of late, on account of his severe illness, was very agreeably surprised a short time ago by a number of friends and neighbors, who came with teams, tools and seed. After the days told it was found that 6 acres of ground had been plowed, and sown to rye, 3 acres of corn out, and two acres of millet gathered. The ladies did not forget mother Crandall, but came with well filled baskets. The day was one long to be remembered by uncle John and family, who wishes Gods blessing upon their neighbors.



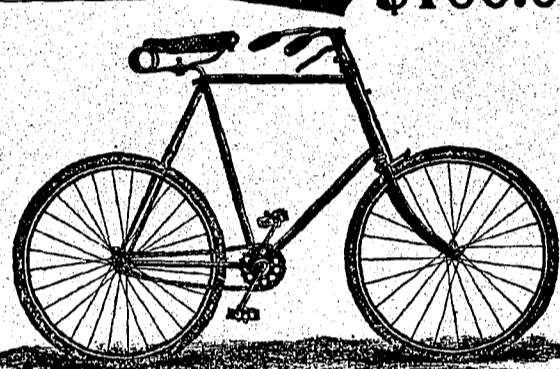
**Got a Duck—Oh, what a Duck—**  
brand Mackintosh. brand Mackintosh will do for a Lady in wet weather! Well, what? Keep her dry. What more do you want? Ask to see them. Latest styles Cape and Box Coats for men. There's nothing better.

that will give you service. If that is the kind you are looking for, we have got them, and every one guaranteed. All the newest styles.

**JOE ROSENTHAL.**

One Price Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoe House.

1895 VICTOR BICYCLES—\$100.00



There are eight Victor Models for ladies and gentlemen, practically any height frame furnished. Victors lead the cycling world. Send for catalogue.

**OVERMAN WHEEL CO.**

Makers of Victor Bicycles and Athletic Goods.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. DENVER. DETROIT.

SAN FRANCISCO. LOS ANGELES. PORTLAND.

**SCHOOL BOOKS!**

**FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE**

is the place to go to buy SCHOOL BOOKS, TABLETS, PENS, PENCILS, SLATES

—AND—

School Supplies of Every Description.

**LUCIEN FOURNIER, Sole Proprietor.**

**F. & P. M. R. MICHIGAN CENTRAL**

(NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.)

DEPART JUNE 23, 1895.

Bay City Arrive—8:15, 7:25, 8:05, 9:45, 11:30 P. M. Bay City Depart—8:20, 7:00, 8:40, 10:15, 11:30 A. M. 12:35, 2:05, 3:50, 5:20, 6:50, 8:15, 9:20 P. M.

To Port Huron—8:30 A. M.; 5:20, 9:30 P. M. Arrive from Port Huron—12:35 P. M.; 8:00 P. M. To Grand Rapids—8:30 A. M.; 5:20 P. M. From Grand Rapids—12:35, 10:15 P. M. To Detroit—7:00, 11:30 A. M.; 9:30, 12:00 P. M. From Detroit—7:25 A. M.; 12:35, 5:07, 10:15 P. M.

To Toledo—11:20 A. M.; 12:30, 9:00 P. M. From Toledo—7:22 A. M.; 1:50, 10:12 P. M. Chicago Express arrives—7:30, 11:30 A. M.; 10:00 P. M. Milwaukee and Chicago—3:40 P. M. Pullman sleeper between Bay City and Chicago.

Sleeping cars to and from Detroit. Trains arrive at and depart from Fort St. Union depot, Detroit. Parlor cars on day trains. Route of the company run daily, weather permitting. \*Daily.

A. BROUGHTON, Ticket Agent.

O. W. RUGGLES, GEN. PASS. AGENT.

A. W. CANFIELD, Local Ticket Agt., Grayling.

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By a Special Agreement we are able to send this paper and The CRAWFORD COUNTY AVALANCHE for one year, only \$1.50.

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And in buying one, you should consider the Quality. To be sure that you will get One

**PATENTS**

Canvases, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure Patent in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address: **C. A. SNOW & CO.** Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS**

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer send a model or drawing to MUNN & CO., who have had twenty years experience in the patent business. Communications are solicited from inventors. A full description of the invention, with drawings, and a statement of the facts of the case, are required. The fee is \$10.00. A full description of the invention, with drawings, and a statement of the facts of the case, are required. The fee is \$10.00. A full description of the invention, with drawings, and a statement of the facts of the case, are required. The fee is \$10.00.

**DEVLIN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,** BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

There are many just as good, but none better. Our terms are lower, than, h, send for Catalogue.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE** IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World. See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper. Take no Substitute. Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by **J. M. JONES.**

Mortgage Sale.

WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the twenty-seventh day of September in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two, executed by Charles A. Ingerson and Nettie Ingerson, his wife, of Grayling, Crawford County, Michigan, to Lucien Fournier of the same place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the county of Crawford, in Liber E of mortgages, on page 480 on the 28th day of September A. D. 1892 at 2 o'clock P. M.

And Whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, is the sum of four hundred and eighty-nine and 52/100ths dollars, principal and interest, and the further sum of fifteen dollars, attorney fee as provided by the statute in such case made, and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House in Grayling village, in said county of Crawford, on the twenty-sixth day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day; which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the village of Grayling, in the county of Crawford and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit:—Lots one (1) two (2) and three (3) of Block six (6) of Huley's addition to the village of Grayling, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated the 31st day of July, A. D. 1895. **LUCIEN FOURNIER.** GEO. L. ALEXANDER, MORTGAGEE. Attorney.

# THE AMERICAN HARVEST HOME.

Gathering the Wheat Crop in the United States.

In country life all the poetry of the year is concentrated in the drama of the harvest—the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the suspense and the reward for toil or the certainty of defeat for a year makes the time preceding the gathering of the great cereal crop one of anxiety, and the condition of the wheat the subject of absorbing interest in a million families.

Scarcely anything else is spoken of for weeks. This wave of poetry, of emotion



WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

that must have expression rises in Southern Missouri and Illinois and rolls northward from farm to farm, from May to September, always beginning somewhere and culminating elsewhere, until at last it dies away on the plains of Manitoba.

While yet, to the traveler on the railroads, "the billowy bays of grain, ever rolling in shadow and sunshine," are green and scarcely distinguishable from meadow land, the farmer has caught the first undergrowth of yellow that creeps up the stalk from day to day, until the heavy head has turned to gold. Every day then is good or bad for the wheat. He wants the weather to be cool and dry; a thunder storm is a tragedy, a sky of brass a disaster. He looks to the sky in the morning, and waits impatiently for the freight train to creep by with the Government weather signal displayed. He goes to town for the paper to read the prediction, and he decorates his horses' ears with the latest beads he can find to keep up his courage.

At this time he is a pessimist. A spot of rust on a yellow stalk will make him despondent for a week. If his daughter is counting on music lessons he will show her a Hessian fly found in the wheat, and the sight of a chick bug will depress the whole family in gloom. With the first touch of gold on the beards a feverish activity begins. The farmer gets his reaper and binder ready and arranges with the neighbors to trade off work. There are trips to town for binding twine, for stores of sugar and coffee, and the butter is not sold but is stored away in the milkhouse. A sheep or a calf is penned up to be fattened, and chickens are confined in the poultry houses.

The first morning that smoke is seen from a thrashing machine down on the southern horizon is a great day. All day long it is watched. Perhaps it is busy at a small farm and is moved to another in the afternoon. Sometimes there is unaccountable delay when, if the smoke still rises from the thrasher, the farmer will venture to predict that the day will be a good one. The smoke ceases to rise, and the farmer expects, and hopes rise. If the smoke ceases there are dire predictions that the machine has broken down, and before it is fixed a storm will come and drown the shocks.

The farmer has finished the reaping and the shocks stand in the open field amid the stubble, like nuggets of gold lying on golden sands. Already poppies and Indian lilies missed by the reaper, have burst into flower and flock the fields with crimson, the smallest cloud casts a sinister shadow and brings the whole family out in apprehension. Daily the thrasher creeps nearer, now east, now west, but always farther north.

At length the men of the family ride away in the big wagon and the farmer, returning at night with the news that "the machine may be here any day now." The women are thrown into a flutter of excitement and the next day while the men are gone the oven is filled with leaves, then with pie and cakes. The soap kettle is hung on the crane in the yard and hams are boiled. All the butter-milk is saved to be sent to the field, and root beer is brewed. The chickens are dressed and vegetables gathered.

Now the women sit down and wait. The thrasher sends out a clear whistle at noon and 6 o'clock. If the whistle should blow at 11 the women know that a piece of work is finished and they

—must wait to get on the good side of the old man.

Within half an hour boys are dispatched to the field with kegs of water, buttermilk and root beer, and along in the afternoon a clothes basketful of ham sandwiches and pails of lemonade are sent out. Six teams are in the field hauling the wheat to the thrasher and two men are feeding the insatiable maw. All the golden afternoon the golden straw climbs and falls over in the smoky air; the chief danger is a blinding cloud, the grain is caught in two-bushel carrying bags and loaded onto a wagon. Now and then a cheer goes up, and the women, catching the excitement flock out to the porch and wave their handkerchiefs and aprons.

"Twenty-two bushels to the acre," shouts the boy as he trudges his wheelbarrow into the yard for a fresh supply of liquids. The feet of the women seemed winged by the good news, for they are not disposed, like the farmer to growl because there were not twenty-five bushels. How blistering hot it is—ideal harvest weather, but now there are fears and prayers, maybe, for neighbors. In the common fortune or misfortune of fair weather or storm, the neighborhood is all one family, and they suffer for one another.

Many of the men wear red flannel shirts and all of them wide straw hats, and the field scene is tropical and foreign, with the big red thrasher belching clouds of smoke, and the mystic stair climbing, climbing, and the work all done in secret. The wagon drives a field, load up from the shocks and return to the machine. The rick of golden straw increases to a yellow hillock, and the children climb up to the base. How hot it is! The men drink gallons of liquids and keep wet sponges in their hats.

The women would be anxious for the men if they had time. The long afternoon is too short to prepare supper for twenty famished men and half as many women and children. The soap kettle just holds the excess of suds, the wash boiler is filled with chickens and a big skillet is in the oven. There is a bushel of potatoes to peel, beans and



THE STEAM THRASHER AT WORK.

corn to prepare, cold slaw to make, tomatoes to peel. A harvest supper table is a thing to remember when seen by one bred in a city where portions are calculated exactly.

If there is a long veranda to the farm, the table is spread there—the extension pulled to its full length and placed out at the ends with tables from the kitchen. Perhaps the white table cloth will not cover the board, and turkey red cloths make brilliant squares at either end.

At intervals are stacks of white and brown bread, rolls of butter, pitchers of milk, dishes of apple sauce, pickled beets and jam. Plates of chicken cut in pieces, sliced ham and beef and mutton, and bowls of vegetables are placed conveniently for the men to help themselves as quickly as possible. Plates, knives, forks, spoons and glasses are at each man's place.

When the 6 o'clock whistle blows there is a flutter of excitement in the house. The girls run for the butter and cream and milk, and some middle-aged woman,

all other blessings the Lord makes us truly thankful. That will do for a blessing. Pish in, boys."

In ten minutes the bread plates are empty and are filled again with hot biscuits. Coffee cups are filled and replenished, and the most platters make several journeys to the kitchen. A dozen apple and custard and berry pies disappear like snow before the sun. Then comes watermelon and cake, and if there is an ice-house on the farm the feast is topped off with ice cream, and the hostess gets tired and a tiger after the men go back to the yard.

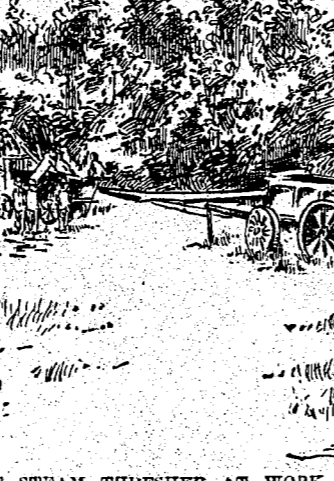
"Where on earth did they put all that food?" is the admiring plaudit of the women, who manage to find enough to satisfy themselves and the children from the



A SELF-BINDING HARVESTER.

remnants of the feast. The farmer waits for his wife at the kitchen door and whispers to her that if present prices keep up there will be nearly \$1,000 in the bank, and winds up with: "You are going to have a black cashmere dress and a new cloak if it takes the whole pie. Yes, Jennie can have music lessons, too."

Unless it is a large farm a few hours in the morning will finish the work. There will be breakfast to get only for the machine men, who will sleep in the barn loft on the newly thrashed straw after an evening on the vine-clad porch. The women are washing dishes in the kitchen, but they subside the clatter if there are songs, and after awhile the harvest



THE STEAM THRASHER AT WORK.

moon comes up, and the katydid begin their mutual recriminations.

It takes a week to restore the house to its ordinary aspect. In the morning the men are away helping neighbors. The first Sunday after the farmer counts his grain bags and stows sundry samples away in little bags and he reads the agricultural paper and city weekly, poring for hours over the market columns, and nobody disturbs him, who is figuring on mysterious elements that enter into prices.

"You bet I am going to stand out for the three-fourths of a cent," he announces at the supper table, and he informs his wife that prices have been skyrocketing around the 75 mark all week, settling at 76 1/2.

"Who cares for a quarter of a cent?" says Miss Jennie, with a toss of the head. "The speculators do. They make millions by jiggling prices up and down while the fools make dollars working like niggers." The farmer is pessimistic again, and growls the whole evening. But no one is much concerned by it.

In a week or so he puts on his best suit of clothes, puts a little bag of wheat in his pocket and drives to town in a buggy. There he finds his neighbors and village farmers, who ostentatiously display telegrams from the Board of Trade, telling the ruling price. The buyers rush about sampling this bag and that making offers. These are generally rejected until a farmer is hard pressed for money to pay a mortgage. It is a miniature Board of Trade with but one or two buyers. The farmer has his advice, too. He talks learnedly of the crops in France, Austria-Hungary and the Columbia River, and their effects on the market.

The report of the Hessian fly, smut, rust or chinch bug makes him go to 5 cents in price to the irritation of the local buyers, who remind him of the surplus in Italy.

"All goes into macaroni. So does the Swiss wheat, and you needn't talk to me about Columbia River and California products now standing in bags in the field. It all goes to London around the Horn and sells at 3 to 5 cents higher there because it is so dry the voyage doesn't hurt it. It's Canada and India and Russia that's going to hurt us, if anything is."

"Yes, and Argentina!" retorts the buyer. "Reports from there—"

"Oh, get out, that's on the other side of the world, don't harvest for four months, and it doesn't enter into the visible supply yet."

"These farmers know too much for their own good," growl the buyers. Meanwhile the farmers stand together and perhaps go home without selling. The buyer, in the end, makes his money on small margins and handles large quantities. He is really allowed only a small commission. Only now and then does he make a shrewd bargain or find a farmer who must have money.

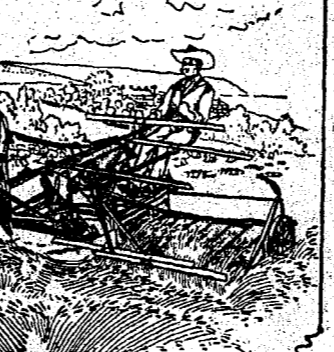
"Well, I guess I'll go home and put in winter wheat until the price comes round my way," he announces as he drives away, and he keeps up this assumed indifference but not appearing for a week, saying, when he comes back again: "I see there will be nearly three billion bushels this year. Guess the speculators won't starve if my wheat lays where it is. I'll be in to-day." So he tells the buyer at his mercy, and in the end he gets the highest price if he is shrewd enough to know what that is.

He rebels 305 days in the year against competing with the heathen of China and East India, where wheat is still

thrashed with the flail, saying that a hundred wheel don't represent the capital put into a thrashing machine; and Argentina, cultivated by Italians and Spanish immigrant labor, seems an unwarranted invasion of his rights.

Saturday is the day generally agreed upon as the day to sell, because then the farmers are gathered in the market towns in the greatest number. Then actual wagon loads of wheat are hauled in and before the horses are unhitched and the farmer tilted back against the front of his favorite store, a buyer saunters over and makes an offer, which the farmer declines.

"Brought this in to sell, did you?" "Well, so long. That's the market price. Best I can do."



A SELF-BINDING HARVESTER.

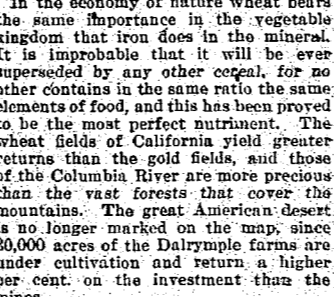
"Oh, I guess I can haul it back. Horses haven't got anything else to do." The farmer plants another buyer appears and makes the same offer. The price is agreed upon beforehand among the buyers. As the hours go by other farmers come in, and perhaps a sale is made. Then, as the farmers begin to stretch up again, the buyers begin to bid against each other in their efforts to secure the wheat. A miniature Board of Trade is thus organized impromptu, and the storekeepers come out of the shops to see the fun. One after another the buyers are purchasing and driven off to the warehouses or freight cars standing in a side track, for the buyer may be under

orders for an immediate delivery in some big city.

With the selling of the wheat trade begins. The merchants order fresh stocks, for they know the farmers' wives and daughters will be in to buy. The blacksmith and machinist do a thriving business, debts are paid, the banks have money to loan, the saw mills and grist mills begin to run and building is resumed. This is the whole secret of the revival of trade. The surplus in the treasure-house of the earth revives confidence, irrespective of the gold reserves held by the nation.

In the economy of nature wheat bears the same proportion to the rest of the kingdom that iron does in the mineral. It is improbable that it will be ever superseded by any other cereal, for no other contains in the same ratio the same elements of food, and this has been proved to be the most perfect nutrient. The wheat fields of California yield greater returns than the gold fields, and those of the Columbia River are more precious than the vast forests that cover the mountains. The great American desert is no longer marked on the map, since 30,000 acres of the Dalrymple farms are under cultivation and return a higher per cent on the investment than the mines.

The original home of the wheat plant is thought to be Mesopotamia, whence it extended in early times to the Canaries in the east and China in the west. In the western hemisphere it was unknown until the sixteenth century, Indian corn or maize being the native cereal. Humboldt mentions that wheat was accidentally introduced into Mexico with rice brought from Spain by a slave belonging to Cortez, and the same eminent authority says that a mountain monastery near Quito the earliest vase in which a Ghent monk had brought wheat from Ghent into South America. From these two beginnings 250 years ago the cereal has spread all over both continents, so



BRINGING BOBBED DISHES.

that in the United States two years ago 34,000,000 acres were sown in spring wheat alone. In the Smithsonian Institution one can gather at a glance the supply of the world by specimens from Norway and Sweden at 65 degrees north latitude; from Switzerland at 1,200 feet above the valley of Zernatt, or 0,500 above sea level; from the Straits of Magellan, Tenerife, Cape of Good Hope, Rodriguez, the Philippine Islands and Malaya. Twenty-eight out of the United States produce wheat, many of them a surplus.



Some times when a man dies, the mourners are sorry because they can't feel more sorry than they do.

## QUEER SHAMPOO.

Joe, the Washbrook Boy, Got His Instructions Rather Mixed.

In one of the hotel barber shops a small Italian boy named Joe officiates with the whisk broom. The other day, says the Buffalo Express, the hotel housekeeper sent down to the proprietor of the shop and asked him to fix her up a bottle of shampoo. He fixed it and told Joe to take it up to the housekeeper.

"You tell her," said the barber, "to take half a tencup of the shampoo and put it in two tencups of water and apply."

Joe took the shampoo and went up to the housekeeper with it. In a short time he came back, and the barber asked: "Give it to her all right?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"With the directions?"

"Yes," said Joe again.

Half an hour later the barber noticed the housekeeper out in the hall, looking curiously out into the shop. He walked out to where she was.

"Hello," she said. "Which is it? Are you drunk, or crazy?"

"What do you mean?" asked the barber, with much dignity.

"You must be one or the other, judging from the message you sent up with that shampoo."

"What message did I send?"

"You told me you said to tell me to make a cup of ten and put it in the bottle and lie about it!"

Honest Times.

At one time in the Highlands of Scotland to ask for a receipt or promissory note was considered an insult, and such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely heard of, so strictly did the people regard their honor. The Presbyterian Witness tells a story of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and had there acquired worldly wisdom.

After returning to his native place he needed some money, and requested a loan from a gentleman in the neighborhood. The latter, Mr. Stewart, complied and counted out the gold, when the farmer immediately wrote a receipt.

"And what is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, on receiving the slip of paper.

"That is a receipt, sir, binding me to give you back your gold at the right time," replied Donald.

"Binding you, indeed! Well, my man, if you cannot trust yourself, I'm sure I'll not trust you. Such as you cannot have my gold," and gathering it up he returned it to his desk and locked it up.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the needy Scot, unwilling to surrender his hope of the loan, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it, but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor!" cried the enraged Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right, if this is the road you're leading them. You can gang elsewhere for money, I tell you; but here I find none but a neighbor's word of honor and his love of right."

Taking Exercise.

Poor Harry Shelman, the long-haired poet, who dressed his entire person to resemble Buffalo Bill, and who was, in fact, startlingly like the greatest of cowboys, used to tell me of a literary friend of his who had a novel method of taking exercise. His workshop was on the top floor of his house, far from the noise of the street, and he used to write about fifteen hours a day. He was not a Howells or a Bronson Howard, whose working hours never exceeded four in any one day. He worked; he labored; he toiled. He had no time for a bicycle and could not afford a horse. He hated walking. Run he could not. Swimming was out of the question. Still he must have exercise. He kept his dictionary in the basement and his thesaurus in the kitchen. As he used both very often, it was necessary to make many trips down stairs and up again, and in that way he kept himself in splendid physical condition.

A visitor once saw him dashing downstairs like a madman and soaring up again like a kite, and was distressed to find informed by John's wife that John was simply hunting for a word and had found it.—New York Press.

## The Devil's Pump.

One of the greatest combinations of natural and artificial curiosities on the coast of California is called the devil's pump. The holes, or shell miners, species of mollusk which excavate in stones, caverns in the very hardest stone, have tunneled the entire coast in the vicinity of the pump. Water rushes into these caverns with each successive tide flow, and, in this particular case, finds vent through a cylindrical opening some distance from the water's edge. It is estimated that this hole, which connects with the sea cavern, is 75 to 100 feet in depth. Every time the tide rushes into the cavern beneath the "pump" throws water to the height of a full 100 feet above the mouth of the opening. The Indians formerly called it by a name which signified "fair water gun," but the irreverent white men have given it the title of the "devil's pump," and by that name it will probably be known to future generations.

Not Tempted.

There is a quaint story told of a couple of Scotch ministers who were taking dinner together one summer day in a little paragon in the Highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said: "Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?" "Na," said the other, "I never felt tempted, I just gung."—Household Words.

How to Stop a Sneeze.

A medical paper says a sneeze is instantaneously dispelled by pressing the finger upward against the division of the nose at the joint where the upper lip inside joins the gum. Another plan is to expire all the air possible from the lungs the moment you perceive indications of a sneeze.

The love of Londoners for flowers is universal. So great is the demand that their cultivation for the London market constitutes one of the most thriving industries of the day.

"Is that performer familiar with your music?" she asked at the concert. "He must be," replied the composer, who was willing; "he takes such liberties with it."—Washington Star.

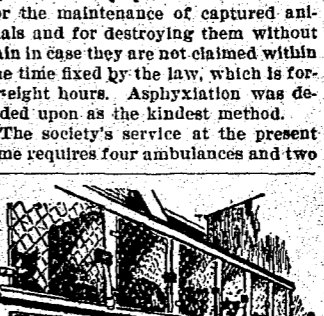
## KILLING CATS AND DOGS.

Over 21,000 Put to Death in Eight Months in New York City.

New York's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is now invested with full power to license dogs, and to capture, detain and, if necessary, to humanely destroy captured animals, so that the spectacle of a cage full of howling dogs and crying cats on their way to the pound is no longer seen in our streets.

The first steps taken by President Haines, of the society, says the World, were to provide a suitable shelter for the stray creatures and to fix upon a humane method of putting them to death. Accordingly the old pound, at the foot of 102d street and the East river, was converted into a home for strays. The interior has been fitted up with every possible convenience for the maintenance of captured animals and for destroying them without pain in case they are not claimed within the time fixed by the law, which is forty-eight hours. Asphyxiation was decided upon as the kindest method.

The society's service at the present time requires four ambulances and two



WHERE HOMELESS CATS ARE PENNED.

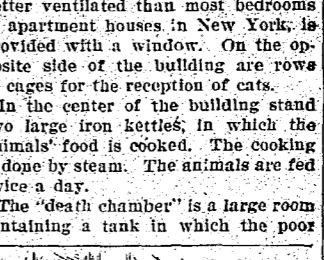
wagons specially constructed for their purpose, eight horses, with necessary stable room, and twenty-two persons, who are at work in different relays by day and by night. Only unlicensed dogs are seized.

Any cat found without a collar bearing the name and residence of its owner is promptly captured. If a dog is taken to the shelter wearing a collar on which its owner's name and address appear, the person to whom the dog belongs is immediately notified, and an opportunity afforded for its redemption. Any dog may be redeemed for \$5.

The shelter has five or six pens for dogs, the floors of which are covered with clean sawdust. Each of these pens, which are larger, lighter and better ventilated than most bedrooms in apartment houses in New York, is provided with a window. On the opposite side of the building are rows of cages for the reception of cats.

In the center of the building stand two large iron kettles, in which the animals' food is cooked. The cooking is done by steam. The animals are fed twice a day.

The "death chamber" is a large room containing a tank in which the poor



DROPPING A DOG INTO THE "DEATH CHAMBER."

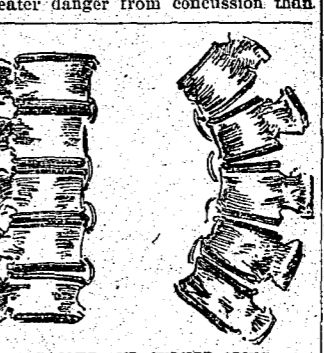
dumb creatures are asphyxiated. This tank is ten feet long, four feet high and five feet wide. Every afternoon at 4 o'clock the tank is charged with gas, and the animals that have been kept for forty-eight hours are dropped in through a sort of trap door at the top.

## BENDING BICYCLISTS.

They Are in Great Danger of Sustaining Spinal Concussions.

Accompanying picture is from rough pencil sketches made by Dr. E. H. Woolsey, of Oakland, Cal., to prove that bicycle riders who bend over are in greater danger from concussion than

those who keep the back straight. When the back is curved the vertebrae impinge upon one another at the ends.



STRAIGHT AND CURVED SPINE.

Tired of Making Up.

Lizzie and Ferdinand Schless, of St. Louis, seem to have broken the matrimonial record. No divorce petition is remembered in which so many separations and reconciliations are catalogued as in that filed by Lizzie Schless, born Hambrecht. She has been deserted in nearly every large city in the United States, but she never failed to put faith in her husband's professions of repentance for past misconduct and promises of future good conduct. She missed and made up every time, letting bygones be bygones, until July 11th, 1894, the fifth anniversary of their marriage, when Schless gave her a ticket to St. Louis. Since then, she says, he has not written to her.

Character Changed by Illness.

Chopin, the pianist and composer, was a very gentle man, and scrupulously considerate of the wishes of others. During his long illness his character seemed to change completely, as is often the case with chronic invalids. He became selfish, petulant and hard to please.

Another Bicycle Record.

Two hundred and thirty miles have been ridden on a bicycle without dismounting.

## HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.

Put away the blythe straw hat-let. And the trousers of duck. Soon we'll don our winter ulster—That is, if we are in luck. —Washington Star.

Little Girl (to her mamma)—What is a dead letter, please? Mamma—One that has been given to your father to post.—Household Words.

Passenger—That fellow back there is raising a great row because he has to stand. Conductor—Yes; he's riding on a pass!—Chicago Record.

Cholly Yachtsman—O, could I be your mainstay? She (looking at the clock)—You are. No one else stays after half past 11.—Syracuse Post.

Bixby—What idiots girls are when they imitate men! Marie (flattered)—Do you think so? That proves how excellent the imitation is.—Truth.

Fogg says they are quite stylish at his boarding house. The servant is not in livery, but the breakfast is, six mornings in the week.—Boston Transcript.

"Why, Mr. Councilman, you are trying to open the front door with your cleat." "Really, now! I wonder if I've been smoking the latch key?"—Schoone Blues Donax.

Realization—Nephew—Do you know, uncle, I dreamt last night that you lent me \$10! Uncle (generously)—Is that so? Ah! well, you may keep them, Otto.—La Perroquet.

Uncle—"You only write me once every month, when you want money." Nephew (a student)—I beg your pardon, uncle; last month I had to write twice.—Lustige Blätter.

"Miss Passe indulged in somewhat withering sarcasm when she was talking of you." "It is her privilege, poor thing. She is somewhat withering herself."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Papa, where are the most diamonds found?" asked Willie. "In somebody else's hand when they are trumps."—groveling papa, who'd been having hard luck at whist.—Harper's Bazar.

"Yes," said the business man to the clergyman, "I've lost a good deal of time in my life." "By frittering it away, I suppose?" "No, by being punctual to my appointments."—Boston Courier.

"If there's any invention that I have a profound respect for," said Move-along Mike, "it's de founting-pen." "What's de reason?" inquired Plooding Pete. "De never works."—Washington Star.

Hazel—I have one of the nicest dentists you ever saw. Nuttie—in what way? Hazel—Why, he pulled out the wrong tooth the other day and wouldn't charge me a cent for it.—New York Herald.

Mudge—Another man called me a liar last night. Yabesley—What did you do? "Well, as he was three sizes bigger than I, I asked him why he couldn't say something original."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Ah, but it's his good record that stands in his way." "How?" "He has foolishly always made it a point to pay cash for everything, and consequently he hasn't the least bit of credit."—Chicago Evening Post.

"What was the most confusing case you ever had?" asked the doctor of the lawyer. "Case of champagne." Returned the lawyer, "I hadn't got half through it before I was all muddled up."—Harper's Bazar.

For various reasons men go to the sea. And manifold benefits glean; But fair woman's reason is best, you'll agree.—She goes to the sea to be seen.—Brooklyn Life.

"Ever have any trouble with your wheel?" "Not yet," said the Sweet Young Thing. "So far whenever I have run over anyone I have been able to get away before he got up."—Indianapolis Journal.

In Boston, of course; Hicks—"But, really, what kind of a looking girl is this Miss Beekun?" Wicks—"Well, I can hardly say; you see, she didn't have her glasses on the day I saw her."—Boston Transcript.

"If you have anything to say, why don't you say it, and be done with it?" "I never cast my pearls before swine." "Well, I don't know as I can blame you; it would be an insult to the swine."—Boston Transcript.

"There's money in stocks," said the man who is young and enthusiastic. "Yes," replied his seasoned friend, "I'm sure there is. I have been putting half my salary there for the last four years, and it's all there yet."—Washington Star.

Cheerup (to Tom Hardup, who has a lot of bad debts and no money, but who is the only heir of a very old, very healthy and very wealthy aunt)—"Now don't get discouraged, Tommy; there is your Aunt Maria." Tom Hardup—"Yes, there she is; that's the trouble."—Boston Transcript.

Miss Townsend—"Do you find much difficulty in keeping help here?" Mrs. Suburb—"Indeed, yes. It is next to impossible to keep a girl more than a week." Miss Townsend—"Why is that—too far from the city?" Mrs. Suburb—"Oh, no. I think not; but you see we have only one policeman in the town, and he's married."—Judge.

Hospitable.

A peculiar epitaph is inscribed on a tombstone in the old churchyard of an Ohio town. General Wayne was at one time in command of the fort mentioned in the epitaph.

Margaret, Wife of David Gregory, Died August 12, 1821, Aged 60 years.

Here lies the woman, the first, save one, That settled on the Miami, above Fort Hamilton; Her table was spread, and that of the best, And Anthony Wayne was often her guest.

## It Will Pay

To make some provision for your physical health at this season, because a cold or cough, an attack of pneumonia or typhoid fever now may make you an invalid all winter. First of all be sure that your blood is pure, for health depends upon pure blood. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will be a paying investment now. It will give you pure, rich blood and invigorate your whole system. Remember.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are harmless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

### A Valuable Dime.

Whoever has a dime of 1894, coined by the San Francisco mint, has a coin for which \$5 has already been offered, and when all the facts are known regarding its scarcity it is not unlikely that it will command a much higher premium.

Inquiry at the mint elicited the information that during the fiscal year of 1894 only twenty-four dimes were coined at the San Francisco mint. How this came about was told by Chief Clerk Robert Barnett.

"All underrun subsidiary coins, viz., those containing other than the design now being used when received at the sub-treasury, are not again allowed to go into circulation, but are sent to the mint to be recoined with the current design. In the course of the year 1894 we received a large sum in these coins, but having an ample stock of dimes on hand, it was not intended to coin any of that denomination in 1894. However, when nearly all of this subsidiary coin bullion had been utilized we found on our hands a quantity that would coin to advantage only into dimes, and into dimes it was coined, making just twenty-four of them."

"My attention was first drawn to the matter particularly by the receipt of a letter from a collector somewhere East requesting a set of the coins of 1894. In filling this order I found there were no dimes of that date on hand. Subsequently I received quite a number of similar letters, and in each case was, of course, unable to furnish the dimes."

"Plenty of dimes were coined that year at Philadelphia and New Orleans mints, but there are many collectors who accumulate the coinage of each mint, as each has its distinguishing mark. Those coined here bear a letter 'S' under the eagle. New Orleans used the letter 'O' and Carson City the letter 'C,' while Philadelphia coins are identified by the absence of the letter."

"We receive each year about fifty requests from coin collectors for coins, mostly for those of silver."—San Francisco Call.

### Mineral Ivory.

Mineral ivory paper can be made by mixing three parts of calcined alabaster gypsum with one-fourth of marsh-mallows powder, and adding water so as to form a paste, which is rolled out to half a millimetre in thickness and then attached by a solution of glue to a paper back.

Love will always do its best to bless and help.



The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

## KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humors, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

**DROPSY TREATED FREE.** With vegetable medicine. Cured many thousands of cases of dropsy. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear and in ten days at least two-thirds of all venous and arterial obstructions of miscellaneous cases sent FREE. Ten Days Treatment Furnished Free by Mail. DR. H. W. GREEN & SONS, SPECIALISTS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.** Cures where all else fails. Best Cough Syrup. Guaranteed. One bottle in time. Sold by druggists.

DR. J. C. AYER'S The Only

SARSAPARILLA

Permitted at World's Fair.

## NO BLOOMERS THERE.

How the Young Men of Birmingham Forestalled the Craze.

The young men of Birmingham, Ala., took a very novel and effective means of discouraging bloomers. The South has not taken to bloomers to any great extent. Indeed, bloomers are still something of a rarity, except in the very largest cities and even there they are having an up-hill fight, as witness the Atlanta crusade. The Birmingham young men heard that some of the young ladies had determined to wear bloomers when wheeling. They did



THIS SHUT OUT THE BLOOMER CRAZE FROM BIRMINGHAM.

not wait for the enemy to make the first onslaught. They hired the biggest, fattest, most ugly-negress they could find, wrestled with her for a week or more getting her able to sit upright on one of the young men's bicycles, with some one to hold her on. Then they dressed her in a most grotesque bloomer costume, and started her through the streets of the town. She wore bright blue bloomers, trimmed with broad white braid, bright yellow stockings, and a red sweater. She was able after the first spin to go it alone, and every day for a week she trundled her hideousness through the principal streets of the city. The bloomer girls naturally did not dare show themselves in their new costumes while the negro bloomer was abroad, and they didn't wear them after the negress had retired from the ring. At last accounts the negro bloomerette was the only one of the class that had ventured abroad in Birmingham.

### Current Condensations.

The expenditure of England for drinks is estimated at \$900,000,000 a year.

At Bulwary a company has been formed to explore the ancient ruins in Mashedland for treasure.

The system of canals contemplated by Russia will have a total length of 1,000 miles and will unite the Baltic and Black Seas.

A petrified frog found in an Elnira, N. Y., stone quarry in 1893 was two feet eight inches in length and weighed over 100 pounds.

Above Mannheim the Rhine is to be made navigable as far as Strasburg. As a canal will be inadequate, important changes must be made in the river bed.

During the current autumn a monument is to be unveiled at Ostee, in East Friesland, in memory of the discoverers of the sun's spots, David and Johann Fabricius.

An epidemic broke out among the silk worms of Spain during the middle of this century, which for a time threatened to destroy the entire European silk culture.

For swearing in members in the House of Commons the revised version of the Bible is used for Protestants, the Douai version for Catholics and a copy in Hebrew for Jews.

During the past year American defaulters and embezzlers got away with over \$20,000,000, and within eleven years the amount thus appropriated footed up over \$130,000,000.

A German firm has just brought out a glove for gentlemen, the specialty of which is that a small mirror, about the size of a half dollar, is inserted in the palm of the hand.

There is talk in London of the invention of a marvelous electric battery, in which zinc is discarded for a material costing only one-twentieth as much, and polarization made needless. The new motor is said to cost but 8 cents per horse power per hour.

Jewelry is made principally in Boccario, the seat of the industry since the sixteenth century. A good workman can make seven dozen in a day, and simple as the little instruments are, no less than twenty tools are employed in their manufacture, including anvil, hammer, tongs, and so on. There are, moreover, twenty-four distinct operations.

A rather novel feature was performed recently at the Diamond Ice Company's works in Newport. A plate of ice was stood on edge just as it was taken out of the tank where it had been frozen, and behind this some half a dozen persons, interested in the company, took their positions, while on the other side a photographer posed his camera and made an exposure. The features could be seen so distinctly through the ice that there is little question as to the success of the operation.

In the neighborhood of Riley, Kan., is an ordinary drilled well about 130 feet deep, put down several years ago. A peculiar roaring sound comes from the well, and is much louder at certain periods than at others. On removing the fire rock that covers it, one is met by a whirl of ice cold air, which rushes out with such velocity that a knotted handkerchief or piece of cornstalk is thrown to the height of several feet. Almost every winter water freezes in it to a depth of about forty feet and the piping has been burst a number of times by freezing at that depth.

## THE BIG ELM IN SAVANNA, ILL.

It is Twenty-three Feet and Nine Inches in Circumference, and is Supposed to Be Three Hundred and Thirty-five Years Old.



On the banks of the Mississippi in Savanna, Ill., stands an elm tree that is the pride and wonder of Carroll County. It is probably the largest in Illinois. It is in the United States, taking circumference, height and spread of branches into consideration. The famous elm of Boston, which was destroyed in 1878, was twenty-two feet in circumference at the base, while the elm of Savanna is twenty-three feet and nine inches. Its height is eighty feet, and the spread of its branches shades an area of 100 feet in diameter. It was a large tree when the present city of Savanna was laid out in 1823. Indeed, if De Candolle, the Swiss botanist, was correct in placing the age of the elm

at 335 years, this hoary giant must have sprouted soon after De Soto explored the Mississippi in 1542. The figure of a man in the trunk view serves a double purpose. It illustrates the size of the tree as compared with the body of a large man, and at the same time shows the past of the nation in the person of one of the oldest pioneers, Philip Taylor, who has lived under the shadow of the big elm for fifty-five years. To D. L. Bowen, the oldest living pioneer, who came to Savanna in 1836, is due the credit of preserving the big elm in later years. Obviously enough, there is no scar or mark upon the tree to show that it has ever been struck by lightning, although trees all around it have been shivered repeatedly.

### A GIANT SLOTH.

An Extinct Creature that Once Flourished in South America.

The Megatherium Americanum is the name scientists have applied to a gigantic mammal that once flourished in South America. On the flat alluvial



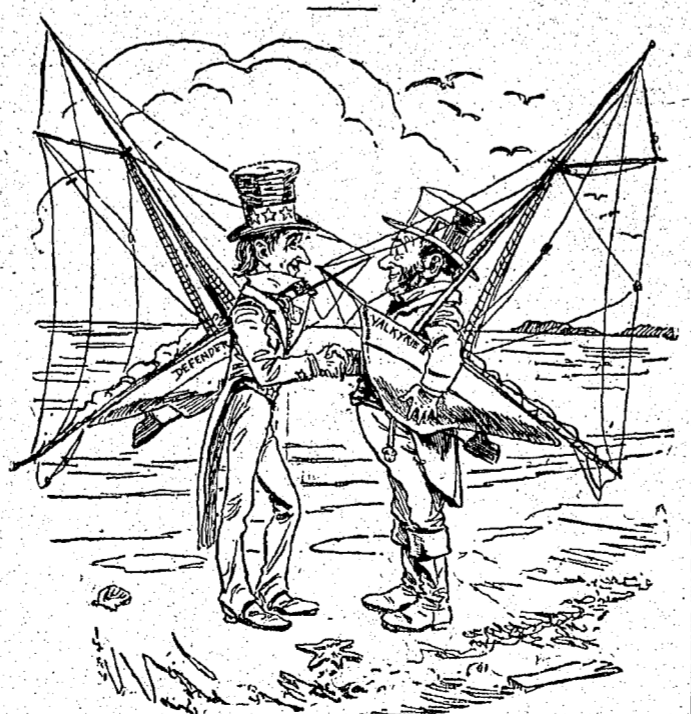
AN EXTINCT MONSTER.

plains south of Buenos Ayres, Argentina, the remains of this monster have been found and from them casts of the strange creature have been made. The Megatherium was allied to the sloth and ant-eater, and perhaps to the armadillo. Its bones were more massive than those of the elephant and it was endowed with wonderful strength. Instead of climbing trees for its food as modern sloths do it sat on its huge haunches and tall as on a tripod and grasped a tree in its powerful arms, breaking the trunk. It then devoured the succulent vegetation, after which it repeated its work until its appetite was appeased. The illustration represents a cast of the skeleton.

### Grunblers.

How full this world is of grunblers. Many of the same people who are scolding this summer, because it is warm, will scold next winter because it is cold. There is no point between zero and the thermometer that suits them: Whether the gray clouds yield rain or snow makes no matter—neither is wanted. If skies are clear somebody's children needs rain; if the showers descend somebody's feathers are ruined. It would add much to our happiness and detract much from the fatal tendency to grow old if we would strive after content.

### HONORS ARE EVEN, NOW.



### THE LATEST BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

is what is called the Companion, a bicycle, as shown in the accompanying cut. It seats two persons, being of the ordinary type of safety with two wheels. At a glance the construction of the wheel would lead to the inference that this bicycle would upset with two people; but, on the contrary, one person can ride it, and, on account of its lightness and admirable outline, it is becoming very popular.

### NOVEL BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

Only One Must Know How to Ride the New Contrivance.

Bicycle manufacturers seem inclined to introduce some sort of a machine that will take the place of the tandem wheel now in use. The majority appear to favor a wheel on which two riders can ride side by side. Several wheels of this character have been manufactured, but they have been on the bicycle type and not much fancied.

Something new on the bicycle market

ment and cease worrying over the inevitable. The truly happy are the happy-go-lucky, who take everything as it comes and make the best of it. If it rains all that is left to do is to put up our umbrella, if we are so fortunate as to have one, and trudge along. Wet feet and bedraggled skirts won't kill one any more than poverty and drudgery will, if there is something within us too sunny for poverty to cloud and too noble for drudgery to debase. The person who spends his life scolding because things don't go to suit him is like the fly on the king's chariot wheel. Things may not be planned exactly for the comfort of the fly, but his protest will never stop the procession. The best tactics for flies and grunblers to pursue is to take what comes along and be glad it is no worse.—Chicago Times-Herald.

There is a story told of the late Judge Strong's boyhood which shows that from the beginning his mind had a legal bent. Young Strong, it seems, purloined a piece of cake from the table spread for some festive occasion. No one discovered it until the family and guests were seated at the table, and then nothing was said. When everyone had gone and the father was alone with the youthful culprit, he said to him: "Don't you know, my son, that in taking that cake you broke one of God's commandments?" "Question 82," responded the boy, who had the catechism at his tongue's end. "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?" "Answer 82. No mere man since the fall is able in this life to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed." It is not recorded what the reverend father said, but it must be admitted that the boy won his first case.

Not a Perfect Machine. Rubinstein was undoubtedly inaccurate at times. People who held scores through those long programs could find that out. He not only embroidered even Beethoven, but he would invent Bach. What he invented was probably quite as good as what he happened to forget, and always extremely interesting. Still, it was not for note and that is what the dulleards gloated over. Bulow was more accurate, but even Bulow forgot to accentuate his individuality and display his genius in new and startling lights.

Steam's Up! The Moorings Cast Off. Majestically the great ocean greyhound leaves the dock and steams down the river outward-bound. But are you, my dear sir, prepared for the sea-sickness almost always incident to a transatlantic trip, with the infallible stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? If not, expect to suffer without aid. The Bitters is the staunch friend of all who travel by sea or land, emigrants, tourists, commercial travelers, mariners. It completely remedies nausea, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatic twinges and inactivity of the kidneys.

A Remarkable Record. The New York Times specifies 330 employing concerns, having not less than 315,000 workmen on their pay rolls, which have raised wages in the past two or three months. In all cases, we believe, the increase has been granted voluntarily, and it constitutes the most remarkable record of the kind ever shown in our industrial history.—Springfield Republican.

Kate Field in Denver. Denver, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country. I should say, judging by the civility of the employees, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

Queen Victoria a Good Sleeper. Queen Victoria is said to attribute her general good health to the fact that she has never been a victim of insomnia. She always eats a light supper before retiring, and sleeps soundly for seven hours.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is taken internally. Price 75 cents. Lying is the outward evidence of dishonesty. It is the dial that shows the working of the machinery within.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894. An Ohio man has started a nickel popular subscription for Mark Twain.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup for Children settling: cures the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

## Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### Franks of Electricity.

There are a great many phenomena in ordinary electrical work which electricians find it hard to explain, but an entirely novel class of electrical demonstrations has been observed in the practice of transmitting currents over long distances at high voltages. On the circuits of the San Antonio canon transmission, California, where a current is sent about fifteen miles to Pomona and about thirty miles to San Bernardino, the line has been found, during hot, dry and cloudless weather, to be heavily charged by the mere wind, and the rate in which the line was electrified in this way was actually governed by the speed at which the wind was blowing. It was also noted that the substances blown against the wires at such times, such as dust, etc., gave up their charges to it also. When the high-tension current reaches the distributing stations at Pomona and San Bernardino its 10,000 volts are passed through a transformer and reduced to such a pressure as can be safely passed along the town circuits for lighting and power purposes. In effecting this change the transformers give forth a continuous hum, which depends for its intensity on the number of alternations of the current. This forms an excellent indicator for the attendant, whose attention is instantly called to any change in the running conditions of the plant by the resulting change of tone. This variation in the sound from the transformers not only marks changes that are taking place, and that can be detected on the voltmeter, but also gives notice of coming changes before there is any other indication of them. One afternoon a painful shock was received on touching the line at the canon end, drifting clouds and a strong wind being noticed in the valley. Again, while the engineer was using the telephone, he heard in it a report which was so sharp as to cause momentary deafness. Later, after a moderate wind had been blowing for some time, loud reports were noticed on the telephone at long intervals. As the wind rose the reports came oftener. It was evident there was a discharge from the lines through the telephone, which was on a metallic circuit, and that it depended on the rate the wind blew.—Chicago Record.

### Had a Legal Mind.

There is a story told of the late Judge Strong's boyhood which shows that from the beginning his mind had a legal bent. Young Strong, it seems, purloined a piece of cake from the table spread for some festive occasion. No one discovered it until the family and guests were seated at the table, and then nothing was said. When everyone had gone and the father was alone with the youthful culprit, he said to him: "Don't you know, my son, that in taking that cake you broke one of God's commandments?" "Question 82," responded the boy, who had the catechism at his tongue's end. "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?" "Answer 82. No mere man since the fall is able in this life to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed." It is not recorded what the reverend father said, but it must be admitted that the boy won his first case.

### Not a Perfect Machine.

Rubinstein was undoubtedly inaccurate at times. People who held scores through those long programs could find that out. He not only embroidered even Beethoven, but he would invent Bach. What he invented was probably quite as good as what he happened to forget, and always extremely interesting. Still, it was not for note and that is what the dulleards gloated over. Bulow was more accurate, but even Bulow forgot to accentuate his individuality and display his genius in new and startling lights.

Steam's Up! The Moorings Cast Off. Majestically the great ocean greyhound leaves the dock and steams down the river outward-bound. But are you, my dear sir, prepared for the sea-sickness almost always incident to a transatlantic trip, with the infallible stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? If not, expect to suffer without aid. The Bitters is the staunch friend of all who travel by sea or land, emigrants, tourists, commercial travelers, mariners. It completely remedies nausea, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatic twinges and inactivity of the kidneys.

A Remarkable Record. The New York Times specifies 330 employing concerns, having not less than 315,000 workmen on their pay rolls, which have raised wages in the past two or three months. In all cases, we believe, the increase has been granted voluntarily, and it constitutes the most remarkable record of the kind ever shown in our industrial history.—Springfield Republican.

Kate Field in Denver. Denver, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country. I should say, judging by the civility of the employees, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

Queen Victoria a Good Sleeper. Queen Victoria is said to attribute her general good health to the fact that she has never been a victim of insomnia. She always eats a light supper before retiring, and sleeps soundly for seven hours.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is taken internally. Price 75 cents. Lying is the outward evidence of dishonesty. It is the dial that shows the working of the machinery within.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894. An Ohio man has started a nickel popular subscription for Mark Twain.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup for Children settling: cures the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

### Hats and Gendarmes.

The attachment of the French to decorative insignia, costumes and decorations has been shown lately in many picturesque ways. It has been proposed to abolish the red pantaloons which have been the distinguishing mark of French soldiers for many years. Statistics prove that these conspicuous uniforms cause troops to suffer a larger fatality than troops clad in sober blue.

But the attachment of the French people to these gaudy garments is so great that the military administration has been no more able to get rid of them than the British War Office has been able to substitute another color for the scarlet in which the British infantry have fought for more than a century and a half.

More recently still an order has been issued depriving the French gendarmes—a sort of military police—of the big hat which has been the joy and pride, and putting in its place a smaller and more convenient headgear. This, too, has raised a storm of opposition.

A witicism has been going the rounds of the French press which represents the state of the public mind on this subject.

"To abolish the gendarmes' hats!" exclaims an indignant citizen. "How stupid! Better leave the hats and abolish the gendarmes!"

That Joyful Feeling. With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

### A Decoration Worth Having.

Although the Victoria Cross was instituted nearly forty years ago, it has been bestowed on only 174 men whose bravery was deemed conspicuous enough to merit it. Last year none was given, and only one in each of the two preceding years. Most of the crosses have been bestowed on soldiers of rank, but on the list are the names of nine corporals, eight sergeants and nineteen privates who have won it. It is one of the few orders of merit that have never grown cheap.

The same effect produced by costly sulphur baths are accomplished by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," Black or Brown, 50c.

A Kentucky shoemaker for the sake of economy has his sign printed thus: BROWN-SHO-P

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color-ford, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

The manufacture of bicycles has in the last few years engaged an enormous amount of capital. This is a comparatively new business.

NOTE.—All Physicians free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Pills after first day's use. Males, women, children, and old people. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, IS

It's only a question of time about your using Pearline. So it seems to us. It seems as if every bright woman must see, sooner or later, how much easier and quicker and better and more economical is Pearline's way than any other known way of washing.

You can't think of any drawback or objection to disproven, a thousand are using one of them, who saves by it. Manu-

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## BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN POLISH for durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivaled.



Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

## World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Try it when the digestion is WEAK and no FOOD seems to nourish. Try it when seems impossible to keep FOOD on the stomach!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!

Miss Lucy W. Lewis, of Randolph, Mass., a well-known and highly respected lady, writes under date of Jan. 22, 1895: "I can speak only in praise of 'Ripans Tablets.' I am troubled by what my physician has called Nervous Dyspepsia. My work, that of a school teacher, often brings on a state of intense nervousness, which prevents digestion and results in severe headaches. I have found that by watching my feelings, and taking a Tablet with meals—as I feel myself becoming tired and nervous—I get relief at the time and prevent further trouble. I have derived much benefit during the time I have used them, and do not intend to be without them."

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail on the price 50 cents a box. Send 10 cents for a box of 100 Tablets. Write for literature to the company, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York. Sample free. 10 cents.

THE BEST TEST IS USE.

Below are a few condensed extracts from notices received:

"Used for my own baby, and can truly say that it is the best I have ever used. It is a most reliable remedy for all the ailments of infants. W. L. Loomis, M.D., New York, N.Y."

"I am feeding my baby by the 'Special Directions' and he is thriving. He is a healthy baby. J. S. Taylor, Boston, Mass."

"I have used Ripans Tablets for the past six months, and it is just as recommended. In fact, would not be without it. J. S. Taylor, Boston, Mass."

Send to WOOLBACH & CO., Baltimore, Md., for "Healthful Hints." SENT FREE.

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## LOVE AND SORROW.

Love and sorrow met in May,  
Crowned with rue and lawthorn spray,  
And sorrow smiled.  
Scarcely a life of the spring  
Durst between them pass and sing,  
And scarce a child.  
Love put forth his hand to take  
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,  
Her crown of rue.  
Sorrow cast before her down  
E'en for love's sake love's own crown,  
Crowned with dew.

Winter breathed again, and spring  
Covered and shrank with wounded wing  
Down out of sight.  
May, with all her loves laid low,  
Saw no flowers but flowers of snow  
That mocked her fight.

Love rose up, with crownless head,  
Smiling down on spring time dead,  
On wintry May.  
Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,  
Like a cloud in clearing skies,  
Passed away.  
—Pearson's Weekly.

## Tale of a Typewriter.

Raymond Rose sat in his comfortable after-breakfast chair reading his afternoon newspaper. All his surroundings denoted comfort. He was a bachelor of thirty-five years. His dark and rather large face beamed with the kindness which comes of being thoroughly comfortable. He was neither thin nor stout—his frame had just contrived to hit that happy medium which is styled "comfortable."

He felt himself a success—in literature. At thirty-five his position was assured, so he must, at any rate, have been a moderate success. He wrote when and what he pleased. Just now he had completed a volume of short stories.

In fact, Raymond was one of those felicitous men who have in their own thing, they don't know what that is.

So Raymond Rose read his morning paper glanced around his own comfortable apartment, sighed and frowned. Then, bethinking himself of his volume of short stories, turned again to the newspaper and studied the advertisement sheet.

Typewriting does for authors and others at the rate of 80, per 1,000 words; paper found. Apply Miss G. Ramsay, 5 Nethercourt Terrace, "Cheap!" muttered Raymond, "distinctly cheap! Think I'll try it."

Then he began to wonder, to his usual way, as to what Miss G. Ramsay looked like, and whether Nethercourt Terrace was shabby genteel or dirtily slum-like. "It's almost like 'swearing,'" he murmured. "I suppose she is hard up. Wants work badly, perhaps. The price does seem fearfully low all the same. Ah, well, 'tis the same for me as for any one else."

From which it may be deduced that if Raymond's talents were a little above the average, his philanthropy was quite normal. Not that he was mean. No one ever thought of calling him that. Only his enemies dared to hint that he was "close." He was merely the ordinary English business man.

He sat him down, before a desk and penned a note, which he addressed to Miss G. Ramsay, of Nethercourt Terrace. The missive contained a request to be informed whether Miss Ramsay could undertake to type-write Mr. Rose's "Volume of Short Stories" for immediate publication.

Then with eased mind he proceeded to forget all about Miss Ramsay, Nethercourt Terrace, and the exigencies of the hard-pressed typist. Some letters had to be answered, proof corrected and one newspaper article written.

Having accomplished these various tasks, he partook of a light luncheon, walked a little by way of exercise, smoked, and finally, as evening drew on, settled himself comfortably in his comfortable chair and looked over his manuscript stories.

One or two required more alteration and addition than had been given them. One, he thought, would have to be re-written. The rest were good enough for his purpose, which, after all, was to make an income, so he told himself. They were not great works. Critics would style them "fair," wholesome mediocrity. Friends would smile and prophesy their deservedly popular reception.

Then Raymond Rose went to bed and slept the sleep of the highly respectable. As he has been so far, he felt that he was a comfortable man, recking little of the future and not at all of the past. Unrealized hopes, ambitions, aspirations were nothing to him. "They are fulfilled," he would have told himself, "he recalled them, which he didn't," and because they are not fulfilled in the precise way in which I then hoped that they would be I cannot sincerely grieve. Circumstances mould the man. He is a mere puppet, begayed by the world, to be re-written. He should be blame flattery and fortune, not me. I am but an instrument in their hands." Which is the way in which many sophisticated persons avoid similar conscience-picking difficulties.

The next morning he got up, breakfasted and read the morning paper, as was his wont. Then he turned once more to his short stories.

Did he feel these this morning? Had the weather depressed him? or what was the matter? Certainly his work seemed far less satisfactory than he had ever previously found it. To his senses, refreshed by a night's rest, these stories appeared weak and dull. Why had he never noticed these things before? Or, rather, why should he have noticed them now, at the eleventh hour? This sudden consciousness was most inconvenient.

"Miss Ramsay, sir," suddenly said his housekeeper from the doorway.  
Raymond Rose turned in his chair, none too pleased at the interruption.  
"Thank you," he said, and stared—stared at his visitor, wondering for the moment what her business with him could be. Mechanically he placed a chair for her.  
"I have come about some typewriting," said she, hesitatingly.  
Raymond started. He remembered now.

"I might take them one by one," suggested Miss Ramsay. "That would save time. If you have one ready?"  
"Yes, that will be our best plan," interrupted Raymond.  
"And shall I do the work here or at home?" she asked.  
"Which would be the most convenient for you?" inquired Raymond, trying to stifle his personal inclinations as regards the matter.  
"If you will show me your writing—that is, your MS," said she, frankly, "I can tell you. If it is difficult I had best of it is rather difficult," returned the other.  
"Perhaps you had best come and do the work here," he added, with quite unconscious eagerness. "The mornings would suit me best."

"Very well," she said. "Good morning. I will be here to-morrow."  
The door closed behind her. Raymond Rose tried to settle down to work again. But he failed miserably. The thought would not come. The pen scratched and spluttered like thing in a bad temper. Each story as he tackled it grew worse under his alterations. However, he made a desperate effort, and completed one ready for the morrow's typewriting. Then he got up and went for a walk, wondering what had come to him. The visit of the morning would recur to his mind. Nevertheless, as became a bachelor of thirty, he refused to acknowledge that his contentment had been in any way disturbed by it.

"Absurd!" muttered he. "The fact is, I want a little change—change of air, change of scenery, change of people—change of life." The last was quite an afterthought.

The next morning Miss G. Ramsay arrived—typewriter and all. Raymond gave her the story. She read it through and then said to set to work.  
"What do you think of it?" asked Raymond.  
She laughed—very pleasantly.  
"At any rate, it is not 'sex-manical,'" she said.  
"No," replied he. "I am glad it is not"—and began his own work.

He thought that she did his typewriting very well. When the story was finished he took the liberty of telling her that the work was more than satisfactory.

She only replied that she was pleased to hear him say so. After her departure he found himself wondering whether the G before her surname stood for Grace or Georgia.

In the days which followed he learned a good deal of her history. She had come to London with her brother, who was a clerk in a broker's office and received an annual salary of eight hundred. On this, and on what she could earn, they were dependent for their living, for the parents had died, leaving them penniless. It was a common enough tale, yet Raymond Rose considered it remarkably interesting.

He always asked her what she thought about a story. "Miss Ramsay often gave him valuable suggestions," so he told his friends.

"I think that your stories improve," observed Miss Ramsay one morning.  
"You seem to probe human nature more than you did, and your sentiment is not so artificial."

"That is due to your influence," he replied, gallantly and sincerely.  
The dark, lustrous eyes looked up at him, and her face assumed a half frightened expression. Perhaps she caught the true inwardness of his words. At any rate, she glanced at Raymond Rose with ecstasy. No longer did he doubt his own feeling.

The same evening he pondered deeply. Here was a man, with everything to recommend him; a large income, an unimpeachable character; a kindly disposition, a heart filled to the brim with love. And she! A typist in straitened circumstances, of quite unknown origin, so far as the world was concerned. True, her brother presided rather an obstacle. But then—

The picture of the brother faded from his mind. He saw himself wedded to a pretty wife, his old rooms cheered and brightened by her presence; the stale order of things abolished; the opening of new pastures warmed by the dual warmth of kindred souls. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he sat down and wrote a story.

He wrote of a man, noble and good, to whom honor, fame, riches came like the sweet rain from heaven. The man lived, prospered and was comfortable. He felt, however, that a void existed in his life; he knew not its nature, nor how to fill it. Then came a woman, pure and beautiful as the dawn, and he knew that it was she who was to fill that void. So he married her and lived happily ever after.

By 2 in the morning he had finished the story. He wrote to test, feeling that it was the best and the noblest work he had ever done; although it was the unvarnished tale of an ordinary man's life.

When Miss Ramsay next appeared her pretty eyes were red and swollen with weeping. Raymond was horror-struck. Tenderly he bade her be seated and inquired the cause of her grief.

The tale was soon told, "brother" had suddenly and unexpectedly lost his employment. He was forced to test, feeling that it was the best and the noblest work he had ever done; although it was the unvarnished tale of an ordinary man's life.

"You must let me help you," exclaimed Raymond Rose, sympathetically. Then, on a sudden, an idea flashed into his mind, flooding it with joy. For the first time in his life he guessed that brother was the best and the noblest work he had ever done; although it was the unvarnished tale of an ordinary man's life.

"No," said he, eagerly, as Miss Ramsay wearily began her typewriting. "I don't wish you to do that to-day. You are in trouble. Here is a new story. I wrote it last night. I want you to read it and give me your opinion at once, please." "I—I want to know whether you consider the ending is good?"

Mechanically she took the manuscript from his hand. She read it at first without understanding its particular import. Then she suddenly became aware that his eyes were fixed upon her face with a burning, passionate gaze.  
"You think it good?" he queried, as she finished. "It is well, does it not?" Miss Ramsay, you are reading the story of my life, for I love you."  
And he came towards her with eyes aglow, never doubting that his own passion would carry all before it. He caught her slender wrist and kissed the small hand again and again.  
But she shrank away from him, while her face grew crimson.  
"Give me time to think," Mr. Rose, cried she, pleadingly. "I did not know, indeed, I did not know. You are good and kind!"  
Then Raymond lost his head. He stooped and kissed her lips.  
"You need no time," he muttered, fiercely. "You are poor, destitute—and I love you."  
"Let me go now, please."

down on a chair with an indifferent sense of having done something very foolish.  
"I have made a mistake," he said, wearily to himself. But she will come round. A sensible woman such as she is will not refuse an offer of that sort."  
But although Raymond had written of women, and had made capital out of his writings, he had quite failed to grasp the fact that the sex is a strangely delicate organism, liable to be thrown out of gear by the faintest discordant movement.

Three days later there came a letter—Dear Mr. Rose: I have come to the conclusion that the end of your story was, so far as I am concerned, atrociously bad. Owing to the kindness of an old friend, my brother has obtained a little work, which will suffice to keep us from starvation. This and other considerations, which you will doubtless understand, induce me to decline your no doubt kindly-meant offer of three days since. Yours sincerely,

GRACE RAMSAY.  
Raymond Rose cast the letter upon the floor and said to himself, "The pen scratched and spluttered like thing in a bad temper. Each story as he tackled it grew worse under his alterations. However, he made a desperate effort, and completed one ready for the morrow's typewriting. Then he got up and went for a walk, wondering what had come to him. The visit of the morning would recur to his mind. Nevertheless, as became a bachelor of thirty, he refused to acknowledge that his contentment had been in any way disturbed by it."

CONGRESSMAN'S OWL.  
A Friend Sends Him One For a Mocking Bird.  
"Did you ever hear about the Brazilian mocking bird that Congressman-elect John P. Tracy, of the Springfield (Mo.) district once owned?" asked Jack Carr at the Planters recently.

"No? Well, I'll tell you about it. I was in Springfield and was going to Texas, and Tracy asked me to get a Texas mocking bird and send it to him. He said his wife had long wished for one, and he thought I could get it for him. I promised to do my best."

The so-called Texas mocking bird is larger than the northern product and has a long scissor-like tail with a large white spot on each division of it. It is much easier to domesticate than the native of the Northern States, and its tones when it sings are more mellow. When I struck Paris, Tex., I went to see a friend of mine who had, I knew, several fine specimens. I told him what I wanted, and he showed me several birds and then asked me which one I wanted. I told him I wanted the largest one he had.

He took me into a rear room and said he would show me a Brazilian bird that beat the Texas one to pieces. Then he brought out a cage in which was the largest owl I ever saw. Every feather on his body was pure white, and he stretched out his wings, measured over two and a half feet from tip to tip. I saw the joke and at once decided to send it—the owl—to Tracy.

"I boxed the bird up and took it to the express office. Then I decorated the box with all sorts of bottle labels, hieroglyphics of different kinds and other mysterious symbols and sent it to Tracy. He paid \$8 or \$1 express charges on it—you know it takes double charges to send live stock by express—and took the box home.

"Well, he made the best of it and kept the bird, and in time became much attached to it. He had a ball and chain attached to its leg so that it could not fly. It could walk easily, however, and for a long time the owl had the freedom of Tracy's house and yard.

One night the bird grew thirsty and hopped on to the edge of a barrel that stood under a spout at a corner of the house. He lost his balance and fell in and the ball followed. He tried to get out but could not fly with the ball attached to his leg, so he was drowned. The Congressman has not yet secured a genuine Texas mocking bird."

It Was a Bullet.  
An interesting story is told of an unusual experience of Mr. Lawrence Winters, until recently a cigar maker in this city, which occurred during the late war, but the truth of which was not learned until a few years ago. A large scar on his arm proves the truthfulness of the story.

He was a member of the Twenty-eighth Ohio Regiment and during the battle of Chickamauga was in the thickest of the fighting. His regiment was standing over near some woods, and during the battle the artillery of the opposite side was trained on them. Three began falling in every direction and a number of men were struck by the falling trees. Just as he was in the act of firing his gun a tree fell and the branches struck him a stinging blow on the arm. His arm began to bleed and it was found necessary to have him taken to the hospital. There his arm was dressed and as it soon healed nothing was thought of the matter. His arm would occasionally give him a good deal of pain, but he thought nothing of that until a few years ago, when it began to annoy him so much that he decided to consult a physician. After examining his arm the physician told him that there was a hard substance inside the flesh and said it would be necessary to cut it out to give him relief. "Winters at first objected, but finally gave his consent and the operation began. After probing for some time the doctor drew from the flesh a large miniature ball. The ball was taken from the spot where Winters thought the branch of the falling tree had made a wound. He then came to the conclusion that he had been shot exactly at the time the branches of the tree fell on him.

No Obstacle At All.  
A lieutenant, whose debts compelled him to leave his fatherland and service, succeeded in being admitted to the late President Lincoln, and by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured with his success, that he deemed it a duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. "Oh never mind that," said Mr. Lincoln; "you will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."

## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Calls for an Old-Fashioned Meeting.

"My friends," said Brother Gardner as the notes of the triangle calling the meeting to order ceased to echo through Paradise hall, "de present meeting of dis club will be held in de old-fashioned way, n' sich members as am alive at de close will report to de duty room n' be regaled on sebal large and voluptus late water. Millions of why just arrive from de slings of Gentry. In answer to sartin letters of inquit received dootin' de week I should like to say:

"Dis club am pledged to no pertickler sort of religion.  
"We has no pollyticks as a club, but as individuals, we cast our votes in favor of honest and respectable men. It am so seldom dat we find honest, respectable men runnin' for office, however, dat most of us as house on Lechman day to clean out de dirt and de pig-pen."  
"Our aim am to elevate de cullid race. If de race ain't to pegs higher in matters of science, philosophy, economy n' art dan it was five y'ars ago it ain't our fault."  
"We has no partnership wid congress, n' no legislative bodies, n' we enter into no alliance wid oder clubs or societies."

"We believe in a hereafter, charge servin' de duty fur white-washin' an' on dinary cellin', an' any pussion desirin' stores blacked in de most conducive manner should give de job to a member of de Lime-Kiln Club. Let us now proceed."

Sir Isaac Walpole brought out a brand new beau box and a pint of fresh beans, and in ten minutes the following candidates were named and legally elected: Brother Jones, Col. Carr, Susquehanna Smith, Rev. Job Pulser, Low William O'Flynn, Hon. Asteroid Greene and Endeavor Williams.

The secretary announced an official communication from the secretary of the Akron Dead Beat Society, of Akron, O., asking to be admitted in a body to the Lime-Kiln Club. Their creed was: "Trust to pay, pay to-morrow." Their party platform: "Two dollars a day and no work." Their ticket in life: "To beat the human race."

Brother Gardner read the communication slowly and then dropped it out of the window into the alley.  
A communication from Halifax contained this inquiry: "In case a member of the club joins the Good Templars and finds he can't let whisky alone, what would be good advice to him?"  
"My advice would be for him to go off an' drown himself," replied the president.

"When I'll tell of a man who can't let whisky alone I set him down as an idiot who had better take himself out of de world. A man who can't spit on his hands an' lick his appetite in a stan' up fight should hev bin bin a cow."

Givewood Jones offered a resolution that the fine imposed on Elder Toots for disturbing a meeting a few weeks ago be remitted. The disturbance was caused by falling down stairs and breaking a door, and Elder Toots never fell down stairs when he could avoid it. He might have made less noise, but he paid for the door and was anxious to be reinstated.

The resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote and the president declared the fine remitted.  
Some time since Samuel Shin let an old tinpan full of ashes fall upon Whyfore Davis as he was entering his beer for delivery by way of Legislative Alley. There has been a coldness between them ever since, and Brother Davis has several times asserted that he would pulverize Brother Shin to a lifeless mass in case he could catch him out on a rabbit hunt. At the present meeting, and a few minutes before the triangle sounded, Brother Davis received word that his mother, residing in West Virginia, was dead. This softened his feelings and prepared his heart for a reconciliation, and he walked up to Brother Shin and extended his hand and bridged the awful chasm. He afterwards ascertained that his mother had been dead eleven years, but he had made up the coldness and he did not back out, as a less honorable man would have done.

The secretary then announced an official communication from the secretary of the Buttermilk Society, of Dupont Heights, Del., asking to be admitted to the Lime-Kiln Club as a body, with authority to work on the third degree. The letter of application announced the fact that the society was of the opinion that butter-milk was the base of the present age. Investigation had revealed the fact that the greatest consumers of the fluid were those most obstinately arrayed against the society and the law. Out of twenty-two members of the society, nineteen admitted their fondness for butter-milk. Train robbers, burglars, cowboys and all the prominent embezzlers were buttermilk drinkers, and the society had started on a crusade which would not end until the churn was forbidden by law.

The secretary was instructed to reply that the Lime Kiln Club did not care for such an alliance, having used buttermilk for the last seven years with the most satisfactory results.

The librarian reported that he had lately received several historical works, two volumes of poetry, three pamphlets on free trade and a hymn-book. The library was now open six evenings per week, from 7 to 10 o'clock, and the average attendance for the past month was sixty-eight.

The janitor reported that he had paid out twenty-seven cents for tin to maul rat-holes.

The committee on judiciary reported a petition from Synecure asking the club to use its influence to secure national legislation to make it a penal offense for any person to deliver a Fourth of July oration within two miles of any crowd of people.

The Keeper of the Sacred Relics reported the mysterious disappearance of the hat worn by De Soto when he discovered the Mississippi river, and for three or four minutes consternation was depicted on every countenance. It was then learned that Pickles Smith had taken the hat to carry home some carrots from the market. He was given such a raking down as few men ever live through, and was then allowed thirteen minutes in which to gallop a mile and a half and return with the sacred relic.

Brother Beebe then offered the following resolution:  
"Resolved, Dat while dis club am constitutionally opposed to lynch law, de members stan' ready to pull on de rope if dar am any lack of help."  
Trustee Pullback demanded the yeas and nays, and the resolution was adopted by a majority of 64.

The lamps being on the point of going out, the meeting sang a poem and adjourned to the banquet hall.

Not Cheap.  
Major Moses P. Handy relates in the New York Mail and Express the following anecdote, which may well be pondered over by persons with a predilection for poker playing: A Chinese gentleman, staying at one of our big hotels, and finding the time hanging heavily on his hands, asked an American acquaintance to

initiate him into the mysteries of the game of poker. Some other men were invited in and the game was played with a \$2 limit. The Chinaman was greatly interested, playing boldly and losing philosophically to the extent of about \$100. Then he called a halt. When they were settling up the game one of the party, being desirous of breaking the solemn silence, said: "Well, Mr. —, poor, how do you like him?" The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders and said, with a far away look in his eyes, "Good game," and then asked quickly and emphatically, "Not cheap." The general opinion was that he had stated the case in a nutshell.

America a Century Ago.  
There was not a public library in the United States.  
Almost all the furniture was imported from England.  
Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.  
There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.  
An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.  
Crochery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.  
A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day.  
Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.  
A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his feet on the ground.  
Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.  
A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was flogged.  
The whipping post and pillory were still standing in New York.  
Pork, beef, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round.  
Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.  
A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow-prisoners and robbed of everything he had.  
When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

"Fad."  
A recently published article on the derivation of the word "fad" speaks of it as being of Welsh origin giving "fedd" as the root word. A New York Tribune correspondent writes on the subject: "The word 'fad' is a manufactured word, not given by Worcester. It has been in use only a short time, comparatively, and while it may be derived from the Welsh, it is more probable that it is made from the initials 'for a day.' The word 'tip' originated, it is said, in that way. The story goes that in an old-time English tavern a receptacle for small coin was placed in a conspicuous place over which appeared the legend, 'To insure promptness.' Whatever was placed in the box was given to the servants. Other taverns followed the example, and soon the three words were written 'T. I. P.' everybody knowing what they indicated. Then the penetration marks were dropped, and the word 'tip' was born. 'Fad' and 'tip' are of the same class and kind."

How to Clean Laces.  
Here in an old Italian recipe for cleaning lace. It is similar to the way in which our grandmothers washed their thread lace borders for caps and kerchiefs, for in those days all matrons, young or old, wore caps, and I am assured that this is the veritable way all French gentlewomen clean their laces, no matter how fine or how old. Fill a large sized glass bottle with cold water, draw closely over it a stocking leg or a piece of white flannel, if preferred, place the lace smoothly over and tuck closely; put the bottle in a kettle of cold water, with a few shavings of cold soap, and put over the fire to boil; boil an hour; or more; rinse in several waters; then drain and dry. When thoroughly dry remove the lace very carefully from the bottle, taking care not to break or pull harshly, then pick out the edge gently with the fingers, fold it in quarter of a yard lengths and place it smoothly in a large book with a weight on top. Very nice lace can be made to look new by this process.

Hanged for Cannibalism.  
Three scientific gentlemen of Sierra Leone, one of them a Sunday school teacher, were hanged recently by the British authorities for cannibalism. They belonged to a "Human Leopard Society," the members of which hid in the bush in the neighborhood of villages, clad in leopard skins, and killed the villagers who came in their way; these the society subsequently ate. In their defense they explained that the murders were committed in order to obtain certain parts of the booty, the hand, leg and heart, with which to make medicine called "ju ju." They were taken from Freetown to the Imperial country, the scene of their crimes, where in a public street a scaffold was set up, on which they were allowed to hang for 48 hours, the scaffold being left in place as a warning to other "leopards."

Survival of a Strange Custom.  
A strange custom, dating back to the dark ages, has survived in some of the mountain districts in Austria—the painting of skulls. The small size of most cemeteries in those regions makes it necessary to regularly remove the skeletons of the buried who have lain there eight or ten years, to make room for newcomers. The relatives of the dead thus to be exhumed are greatly notified before the removal, so that they can attend to the cleaning of the skeleton and be present at its deposit in the so-called "bone-house" or "charnel-house." On such occasions the skull is often ornamented with paintings, representing roses, wreaths, snakes, &c., or it is marked with the name of the dead person.

Parks.  
Hyde Park, the most attractive of London parks, covers 400 acres. The Bois de Boulogne, the most distinctive of Paris parks, covers 2,250 acres. Central Park, the most distinctive of New York parks, covers 840 acres.

## Trials of a Teacher.

Class in arithmetic.  
Teacher—"Suppose, Fritz, you have a stocking on one foot, and you put another stocking on the other foot, how many would you have on both feet?"  
Boy—"I never wear no stockings."

"Suppose your father had one pig and puts it in the pen, how many pigs would there be in the pen?"  
"Dad don't keep no pigs."  
"The teacher moved, a heavy sigh from his tired lips, wiped the perspiration from his scholarly brow, and went at it again with renewed courage."

"Suppose you have one jacket, and at Christmas your father makes you a present of another jacket, how many jackets will you have then?"  
"He ain't that kind of father. He never gives nothin' at Christmas."

"Suppose your mother gives you one apple, and you have one already, what will you have?"  
"Stomach ache. Our apples are cookin' apples."  
The teacher was not the man to be discouraged by trifles. He began to suspect that the boy was not well up in arithmetic, but he needed to make one more effort, so he said:

"If a poor little beggar boy has a cake, and you give him one more, how many will he have?"  
"I dunno. I eat my own cakes."  
Then the teacher told the children to go out and play.

Some of the First.  
The first boat was a log bestridden by the navigator, who paddled it with a stick. Following the log with a stone celt was the next step.  
The first tool made by human hands was a celt, or handleless axe, chipped stone. With it man can kill or skin game, hack wood or spike an enemy.

A handle put upon the celt transversely makes it an axe; a handle longitudinally makes an arrow. The bow, according to Prof. F. N. Cushing, came long afterward.

The first house was a cave. Of that there can be no doubt. The buildings of to-day can be traced through Greek and Roman sources back to the Egyptian originals, which again grow from the forms of the ancient rock temples.

The first horse had five toes and was about the size of a fox. The middle toe is left. The others have perished from lack of use, though traces of them are to be found in the "splint" on the side of a horse's leg.

The first bridge was a footlog. A handrail came next, then the rude bridges which made a larger span possible. By the time of Caesar, as every schoolboy knows, bridges had become formidable structures.

New Things That Are Old.  
In spite of the protests of inventors, and those who believe they have investigated everything since the deluge, that there is nothing new under the sun, the Psalmist was right when he put that thought into the colloquial language. On the Assyrian slabs, and on more than one old Egyptian fresco, is seen the paddle wheel for boats, although the propeller is not in evidence. The bicycle seems to have been known in China more than 200 years ago, and the velocipede was seen in Europe even before that. On a page of the ancient painted glass in the old church at Stoke Poges, England, may be seen the representation of a young fellow astride of one of these machines. He is working his way along with the air of a rider who has introduced a novelty, and is the object of the unbounded admiration of a multitude of witnesses.

Risks in Queensland.  
There are risks and discomforts innumerable, as well as pleasures, to the artist who goes flower hunting in Queensland. It is what bushmen call bad snake country, though, as compared with Southern Australia, a much smaller proportion of the snakes are venomous. Walking down an alligator path on the Pioneer river, Mrs. Rowan kicked what she thought was a gray stick from her path, but which turned out to be a venomous snake. Sketching some great blue water lilies as large as a cheese plate, about which scarlet dragon flies fluttered in their coat of mail, something touched her cheek, which she brushed aside in mistake for a worm, but a second glance showed a long tree snake swinging by its tail. Among the discomforts is the nettle tree, which, whether it is grasped, gently or firmly, leaves hands swollen and stinging for days.

Signaling in a Fog.  
A novel arrangement for signaling at sea during fogs has been placed in position on Winter Quarter Light-ship, No. 45, now repairing and refitting at Wilmington, Del. It consists of two safety oil engines, supplying compressed air to two upright boilers, which in turn are automatically acted upon by timeclocks placed above. These open and close the whistle valves alternately every 55 seconds. No steam power is used, the power being derived from explosions of oil vapor. The pressure of air is regulated at forty pounds, and gives a shrill blast at each explosion. The new appliance is expected to prove effective in maintaining and operating the fog whistle when coal might not be obtainable for fuel, and in transmitting a clear tone for many miles.

Abstainers From Meat.  
A vegetarian diet does not mean living on cabbage, turnips, carrots and potatoes, but abstaining from the flesh of birds, beasts and fishes. Bread, fruits, nuts, peas, beans and the various grains form a diet unrivaled for the production of health, strength and happiness, while, with the addition of eggs, milk, butter and cheese, a vast variety of dishes can be prepared suitable for every constitution or condition of life. Vegetarians having good digestions and clear consciences are always cheerful and happy—no pessimists among them.

There is a society in Egypt whose object is to drive foreigners out of the country.

## TALE OF BURIED TREASURE.

French Swindlers Who Found Many Dupes Among Trademen.  
It is a well established fact that many people who would not be swindled by any other confidence game will allow themselves to be beguiled of their savings by a tale of buried treasure. The latest example of this came to the attention of one of the criminal courts of Paris the other day. The accused swindlers were Pedro Baquet, olive of skin and black of hair, and Edouard Antoine, who was pale and red-headed.

Their modus operandi was beautiful in its simplicity and results. They would carefully select some Paris tradesman and send him from some town in Spain a cleverly worded letter about a mysterious box containing \$80,000 in letters for political reasons in the environs of Paris. The swindler, usually a prisoner of State in Spain, professed to know the tradesman slightly, and pretended that his daughter, then in a school in Spain, must be present at the discovery of the box. He would then invite the tradesman to pay the expenses to Paris of the daughter and a servant. The daughter would bring with her the plans and explanations necessary to recover the treasure. For his reward the tradesman would be promised a third of the treasure.

The tradesman in most cases would reply that he did not know the writer, which brought forth a second letter, saying that the "Spanish prisoner of State" lived for some time in the same street with him at Paris and was a regular customer. He would further explain that he had been commissioned to invest the money in murfutions of war in France, and, hearing of his intended arrest, had hidden the treasure. The second letter would say: "Take the Bastille-Charenton tramway and get off a little before you reach Charenton. Follow the right hand sidewalk and you will see six benches. It is between the fifth and sixth benches that the money is hidden. There are trees and stones by which I can indicate more exactly the spot. Twelve hundred francs is the sum which will be necessary to take my daughter from her pension."

If the 1,200 francs was sent the dupe would receive a third letter, demanding 2,000 or 3,000 francs more under various pretexts, a favorite one being an additional bill of the dressmaker of the boarding school, written on a finely lithographed letterhead and signed "La Directrice Dolores de las Navas." The game would keep on until the victim's funds were exhausted.

The swindlers were caught because they had chosen Perpignan as the postoffice when Barcelona grew too warm for them. There were half a score of witnesses against the swindlers, who had lost all the way from 700 to 8,400 francs. One of them, a Mme. Bouquet, after having sent all her money, remained in a letter saying that the tale of buried treasure was an invention, and that she had better say nothing if she did not wish to be laughed at. Others had spent hours waiting for trains which should bring them the orphaned Henriette, who would wear a black dress and carry a white handkerchief.

The swindlers were fined